THE SENIOR QUILL

HENRY WHITTEMORE
PRINCIPAL

THE SENIOR QUILL

ISSUED ANNUALLY, IN JUNE BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE FRAMINGHAM NORMAL SCHOOL, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

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LAKEVIEW
PRESS

To Mr. Whittemore, the kind friend whose hearty encouragement and never failing help has been ours throughout the years we have spent in the Framingham Normal School, this book is affectionately dedicated.

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To Mr. Whittemore; to the Teachers of the Academic Department and of the Practise School.

We, the members of the Senior Class, feel that at last, an opportunity, which we have long desired, has come. An opportunity to express as best we can, our thanks and our gratitude to those whose friendship and guidance have meant so much to us since we first entered this school.

To Mr. Whittemore and the Teachers, in both the Academic Department and the Practise School, we are indebted for more than we can every repay.

We thank you all for the kindly interest that you have taken in each one of us; for the many hours of pleasure which you have given us in our school work and in our life outside of school. And most of all we thank you for the never failing patience you have had with our failures and the inspiration you have given us to make our lives as broad and as noble as is within our power.

In our future life the days spent here will be an incentive for us to do our best, feeling that we have much to accomplish in deeds and much to attain in character before we can ever reach the example set us by our Principal and by each teacher whose friendship has so greatly enriched our lives.

May each of us, in our future life, prove to you, the gratitude and devotion which we will always feel and may we have given to us the power and nobility of character to influence the little children who may come into our lives, as you have influenced ours.

There is at least one thing more difficult than attempting to express in cold black and white the gratitude and love which one individual feels for another. That one thing is the effort to convey in adequate terms the feeling of a senior class in any school toward an instructor who has levelled for them many "hills of Difficulty," pointed out the path through the deepest "sloughs of Despond" and helped them patiently and thoughtfully all along the way. But it is our wish that the first Framingham class-book

shall contain our tribute of sincere thanks and heartfelt love to Miss Davis, who is never too busy to help us in times of struggle nor too tired to smile a welcome when we enter her room; a teacher whose gentle influence will follow us far beyond the confines of any school-room, a constant incentive to more earnest endeavor and more temperate living.

VIEW IN GROUNDS—MAY HALL

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Editorials

THE class of 1908 has this year taken the initiative and created a class book, "The Senior Quill." In consideration of the fact that this is a new venture, we have been very anxious that it should be a successful one. We hope that the idea will so commend itself to the coming Senior classes that they will follow it up and improve on it, year by year.

THE members of the Senior class have been doing research work in special lines of interest, chiefly in the manufacturing line. They studied the subjects at first hand and wrote the results, a few of which are published in this book. Read them—they are worth while.

WE are as a school unusually fortunate in possessing many pictures and pieces of statuary. Strange to say, we complain that we are so busy that we do not have time to look at them. This ought not to be so. Why would it not be a good plan for a group of next year's Seniors to form themselves into a volunteer committee to take groups of newly arrived Juniors over the building and introduce them to our pictures. This ought to be planned before the close of school so as to be done within the first week. Our principal hopes some day to have a printed catalog of these things.

FOR her platform exercise, one Junior spoke upon the power plant connected with the school. That is right. Don't ignore the things nearby. A description and history of some of our pictures and statues would make a good subject for a group of girls to take.

WE have our current events, our platform exercises, our dramatics and our glee club. Why is it that there are no debates, no mock trials, no model town meetings?

WE almost completely ignore the school art pictures that come to us. It is hard to find time for everything, but we should not allow this condition of things. The chief reason for it is, probably, that the subjects are in no way connected with anything

that we happen to be studying at the time. If you can't find a connection, make one. Let us take them for theme subjects, for platform exercises; let us write about them and discuss them with each other. We are wasting golden opportunities.

MANUAL training is to be the coming necessity. We already have our sewing and sloyd. The time is surely coming when cooking and school gardening must be added. We must get in the van or be left behind. It looks as though one of two things must come and come speedily; a lengthening of the course, or special grade training.

THE phrase "Busy as a Senior" has become proverbial. Anyone who dares to suggest any addition to the work is looked upon as an enemy to the class. Nevertheless there are many things that we need. For one thing, we ought to have a period a week which should be a combination of impromptu platform exercises and current events. There should be more opportunity for open discussion of matters of public interest and our school life.

WHAT kind of books are taken out of the library most frequently? Works of elementary science and novels. We need more of both.

Many of us depend wholly upon the library for our science books. They are too few and antiquated. Why not have duplicate copies of some of the new ones?

In spite of the fact that modern fiction is taken out so generally the books are very few. This, however, is partly due to the fact that few acceptable books are written. Why not have a suggestion box and have some of the books suggested discussed in the English class?

SOON we will be alumnae. Let us prove our vaunted '08 spirit by keeping in touch with our class. Our strength must be in our union. The alumnae association is not as active as it should be. Let ours prove the most faithful of any class. To accomplish this we must do at least three things: Keep our secretary informed of our whereabouts; attend alumnae meetings; and respond to and proffer suggestions in regard to the school. A Round Robin is one of the most effectual methods of making class loyalty personal.

CULTIVATE school spirit and class spirit. There is always room for improvement. Show your spirit by being loyal. It can be done in more ways than one.

SOME people are of the opinion that education is merely going to school and learning lessons. This is the limited sense of the word. It has a more enlarged meaning. It means the development of all our faculties, the broadening of our minds, the formation of character. We should learn not for school but for life. Education is something we must acquire by ourselves and it can only be gained by work. These are some of the truths we may carry away with us from the Framingham Normal School.

Chronology of the Framingham Normal School

Dec. 28, 1838. Voted by Board of Education to establish a Normal School at Lexington.

Sept., 1839. First Normal School in America opened by Mr. Peirce. Three pupils.

Oct., 1839. Model school opened.

1842. Resignation of Mr. Peirce. Succeeded by Rev. Samuel J. May. Legislature appropriates to Normal Schools $6,000 a year for three years.

1844. Mr. Peirce returns. School removed to Fuller Academy, West Newton.

1849. Rev. Eben S. Stearns succeeds Mr. Peirce. Three years' course adopted.

1852. School removed to Framingham Center. Practice school discontinued.

1855. Mr. Geo. M. Bigelow succeeds Mr. Stearns.

1866. Mr. Stearns succeeded by Miss Annie E. Johnson. School building enlarged. Normal Hall dormitory built. Practice school re-established.

1875. Miss Johnson succeeded by Miss Ellen Hyde.

1886. Crocker Hall built.

1887. Crocker Hall partially destroyed by fire.

1888. May Hall built.

1889. Semi-centennial of school celebrated.

1898. Mr. Henry Whittemore succeeds Miss Hyde. Household Arts course established.

Framingham Normal School

THE FIRST STATE NORMAL SCHOOL IN AMERICA.

FROM 1820 to 1830 was the gloomiest period in the history of our public school education. Some great men at the end of this period saw that, although there were other evils, the greatest evil in the public school system was the inexperience and lack of knowledge of the teachers. They decided to establish schools for the training of men and women who were to be teachers, and the papers, journals, and legislatorial reports of this period were full of their speeches and writings. The result of this agitation was an appropriation December 28, 1838 to establish three Normal Schools in the state. One of these was for female teachers, and was established at Lexington. This was the beginning of our Normal School.

A good school building and boarding house was procured at Lexington and in June, 1839, Reverend Cyrus Pierce was engaged to teach the school. He was just the man for the position, as subsequent events proved, for as a result of his training the early Normal school pupils were invariably distinguished by their conscientiousness and exactness.

School commenced on Wednesday, July 3, in the midst of a rain storm. Before the board of visitors and the new principal, there came but three timid girls who were examined and enrolled, the first pupils of the first State Normal School in America.

In spite of the fewness in numbers, school began and continued through the year in such a way as to be a great encouragement to the men who watched its progress so anxiously. During the year a model or practice school was established which contained thirty-three pupils at the end of the year and at this time there were twenty-five Normal pupils.

In 1842, at the end of three years of unselfish devotion in every part of the school, Mr. Pierce was obliged to resign because of the too great mental and physical strain upon him. He was succeeded by Reverend Samuel J. May, whose success in the school was complete.

In July, 1844, Mr. May resigned to give place to Mr. Pierce who was able to take up his duties again.

The first graduates of the Normal School were very successful as teachers, not only because of their ability, but because of their

earnestness and zeal in the work which had marked their labors in the Normal School.

By this time, the school had outgrown the buildings in Lexington and the Fuller Academy in West Newton was bought for its better accommodation. It was fitted up by contributions from the citizens of West Newton, Mr. Mann, the Secretary of the Board of Education, Mr. Pierce, and some of their friends. Here, the school was set upon a strong basis, not however without some attacks being made upon it, one of which, the most violent, in 1847, called forth a reply from both Mr. Pierce and some of his pupils.

Mr. Pierce again resigned April, 1849, and at this time a reception was given in his honor at West Newton, testifying the love which the people had for him. He was succeeded by Reverend Eben S. Stearns in September, 1849. He was a fit successor to the men who preceded him and soon won the love and cordial coöperation of his teachers and pupils. He was very earnest and under him the school increased so much in popularity that to keep the numbers within bounds the entrance examinations were made more rigid and for the first time a three-years' course was adopted. The first written diplomas were given in 1850.

Again, the school outgrew its accommodations and new ones were decided upon in Framingham May 13, 1852. Appropriations were made by the legislature, by the town, and by the president of the Boston and Albany Railroad. The inhabitants of Framingham gave five and three-quarters acres of land for the site. There is no need to speak of the beauty of the place chosen; it still speaks for itself.

Mr. Stearns resigned in September, 1855 and Mr. George Bigelow was his successor. He was a very capable man whose ideas were "advanced and progressive." Nothing unusual happened while he was principal, but at this time the demand for teachers began to be larger than the supply.

Miss Annie E. Johnson, the first woman principal of the Normal School succeeded Mr. Bigelow in 1866. During her successful administration the school building was enlarged, a boarding house was established, and the practice school, which had been discontinued since the removal of the Normal School to Framingham, was reëstablished.

Miss Hyde took charge of the school in 1875. She made the practice school a requisite of the Normal training and its numbers increased until it occupied a large part of the first floor of the building.

Crocker Hall, named for a former teacher, was built in 1866, but was partly destroyed by fire in 1887 and was rebuilt. May

Hall was also built during this administration and named in honor of Miss Abby W. May, at that time a member of the State Board of Education.

Miss Hyde was succeeded by Mr. Henry Whittemore in 1898. In this year the heirs of Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, desiring to give up the Hemenway School of Household Arts, offered it on liberal terms to the state. The Board of Education accepted and installed it at Framingham where it has since been a valued part of the school. Wells Hall, in honor of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, was built in 1889.

Of our present principal, Mr. Whittemore, there are no words to express the love, honor, and respect which we have for him as he, in his great unselfishness and love for his school and for us, follows in the very footsteps of the first great principals, who made our Normal School.

It is good for us to contemplate the struggle of those first pupils whose success was so great, that we, with the advantage of modern buildings and apparatus may try to make ourselves what they were, worthy graduates of the First State Normal School of America.

M. C. N.

Some Anecdotes of the First Class

"How pleasantly within those walls
We lived—a group of merry girls."
—*L. E. Harris.*

SIXTY-NINE years ago the 3rd of next July, three girls went to Lexington, Massachusetts, to take examinations. Going off to take examinations is not a very unusual proceeding for us—we have all done it—but it was different for them. They were going to take examinations for entrance to a school which up to that time had never existed, a school unlike any that had ever been seen on this side of the Atlantic. Word had gone forth that the examiners were to be grave learned men; and it was with fear and trembling that they faced them. They were examined in turn in reading, writing, English, grammar, geography and arithmetic; and in their intense desire to do their best they forgot the beating storm outside.

They were all admitted. This was Wednesday. By Saturday their number was increased to five. They boarded in neighboring families. Sunday, Mr. Pierce told the five girls that he would call for them to go to church with him. They went to the church on the common and were shown to a pew not far from Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. It was a square pew with a door in one side and with high-backed, uncushioned, wooden seats around the other three. The girls entered it feeling that, as pupils of the new Normal School, they were the observed of all beholders. They felt anxious to do just what was right in this strange church so, when the congregation stood during the long opening prayer, they also arose. The seats projected far out into the pew and, as the girls did not know that they could be turned up, there was not much room. Nevertheless they accommodated themselves as best they could and composed themselves into a properly reverential frame of mind. This was rudely broken, however, when, just as the minister said "Amen," every seat in the church came down with a bang. They jumped, looked at each other and—sad to relate—laughed. And thus it was that the pupils of the Normal School were first introduced to the public.

The next Monday, school was opened in the sitting room with lessons in reading, grammar and arithmetic. By Thursday they had moved upstairs and their number was increased to eight. By the end of the year the class consisted of twenty-five. This was surely rapid growth—an increase of 84%.

Their class room was furnished with green-topped double desks. All around the room was a formidable blackboard which in after years suggested trials to their minds to which we of the present day have only two equals—our "special topics" and "platform exercises." Fortunately, however, there were also pleasant associations with this blackboard. We hear tales of one guileless looking equation which extended up and down three lengths of the blackboard only to come to the wonderful conclusion that

$$0=0$$

Many were the graphic delineations of square roots, and one ambitious young lady is even rumored to have attempted to bound (think of that Miss O—) the State of Single Blessedness. Oh, *she* was a true daughter of normality.

They were as ready to argue for the sake of hearing themselves talk as we are today. One sweltering day the subject came up for discussion, "Does hot tea or ice cream make one the cooler?" (Ask Miss B——.)

One restless study hour a certain young lady tied her neighbor so securely to the rope of the bell in the tower that every time she stirred it jingled. From that time on Miss B—— was

known as the "Belle of the School." But the indignity did not go unrevenged, for, soon after, the tormentor was tied by the hair to the back of her chair and held long in durance vile as a punishment for her annoying conduct.

Speaking of their restless study hours reminds me of the necessity of saying that although they had their jokes and their good times, these formed only a small part of their life. The work was even more exacting than it is now and a thorough comprehension of each subject was as much insisted upon. They were constantly inspired to do their best and then—a little more. It seems almost inconceivable that such a tireless worker as Horace Mann should have been forced to remonstrate with the principal for overworking the girls. Yet such was the case.

It is their good times and their mishaps, however, which interest us most. So just one more anecdote.

It seems a common failing of humanity that we think well of ourselves and enjoy our laurels in anticipation. A certain young miss who boarded in a nearby family had a rather trying experience because of this. She tells the story as follows:—

"By a combination of circumstances which will sometimes occur in the best-regulated of families, household duties once devolved upon me in the family of Mrs. W—— where I boarded. I bustled around like a person of no small consequence, conscious of little brief authority and resolved to exercise it most becomingly.

"Noon arrived, the Rubicon, I thought, was passed, and my fame established on a foundation that would endure, and I was already reposing in imagination beneath the laurels that I had won.

"I had baked some beans for dinner—of course felt very proud of the achievement and everything was ready but removing the beans from the oven.

"One can hardly conceive the sweet satisfaction I felt as I seized the beanpot, when alas, it slipped my grasp, transferred itself from a perpendicular to a horizontal position. Alarmed and horror-struck lest my beans should be numbered among the things that were, I thrust my hands into the steaming oven but sent them out at the opposite door on to the hearth, when, true to the laws which governed earthern beanpots, it broke.

"A few of the beans were rescued uninjured but the feeling of chagrin and mortification it produced will, I fear, be a lifelong companion. I told Mrs. W—— on her return that the beans were so very delicious they had eaten the beanpot, too. The story was so very reasonable that of course she believed it."

S. L. S.

The Trials of a Train-Girl

ONE morning I dreamed that I had experienced the keenest mortification by failing in every class that I had attended that day. From this pleasant dream, I was awakened with a start by hearing that familiar ring—the alarm clock. I am so light a sleeper that I generally need only an alarm clock to wake me, but occasionally I do sleep rather soundly so that even that does not succeed.

I looked at the clock, and, after a long intent stare to see if my eyes were deceiving me, I cleared the middle of the bed with one leap, and, luckily landed on the floor. Usually, when I intend to land at a certain place, I never do, especially if I am in the gymnasium. The clock said as plain as day "twenty minutes past six;" and that exasperating alarm had gone off late. I ought to have been up and dressed by that time.

The whole household was awakened by this time and each one was doing her best to help me out, but, as we are a large family, we only succeeded in getting in each other's way so many times that, if I had not been so nervous and in such a hurry, I would have laughed until I cried.

After someone handed me my rubbers and someone else put on my coat and hat and I had found my bag, I rushed out of the house. My mother's last words were: "Remember, I told you to wait and take the later train." I have found out by bitter experience that whenever I get that injunction and take no notice of it, something is bound to happen.

When I got to the bottom of the street my car was no where in sight, so I decided to walk or rather run, to the station. I ran. My hair coming out in strands and flying in my eyes did its level best to blind me and prevent me from making much headway. The wind blew very strongly and my eyes filled with tears. But the climax came when I got so blinded that I fell. Of course everyone was looking and a friend of mine who had been behind me all the time, although I had not known it, offered his assistance. I was so embarrassed, mortified, and angry that I declined it with curt thanks.

After I recovered my equilibrium I started out to finish my race. I was so out-and-out, Anglo-Saxon mad, that I decided I would get to the depot if I died in the attempt.

I think it took me about a minute more to get to the station.

Running across the tracks I just stood stock still, for, to my horror, my train was just moving out of the station. I could have put my hand on that train and I stood there impotent. My hands unconsciously clenched and if I had been a man instead of a feeble woman I would have expressed my feelings in suitable language.

I had to wait a whole hour in that station for the next train, so I had gained nothing by not following my mother's injunction. Furthermore I could have slept another half hour if I had known that I was going to miss that train. I turned wearily back to the station to compose myself and to ask kind Providence for patience that I might not think harsh thoughts about the Boston and Albany, when my sense of humor came to my assistance in my hour of trial, and I laughed—yes, laughed, until the tears came, and then I felt better.

Well, I waited an hour in the station, and fifteen minutes for good measure, for the next train was late. What do you think of that? If the first train had only been late, I would have got it; but out of the large fund of my traveling experience, you can believe this that I tell you. When you are late for a train, the train is always on time.

I got into the train and after stopping at every little station, the train stopped at South Framingham at twenty-five minutes of nine, just five minutes too late to get the half past eight car for school.

I thought ironically to myself, "Well if I had succeeded in getting that half past eight car, it would have been a miracle." I waited ten minutes in the freezing cold and at last, I got into the quarter of nine car.

To make a long story short, I arrived at school just two minutes too late for opening exercises and I was tardy. How I got through the day I don't know, but I took the two forty-eight train home, was stalled an hour, arrived home about half past four, resolving in my heart that the next day I would start for my train half an hour before it started, or my name wouldn't be Julia Fleming.

J. E. F.

A Hurricane

EVER since earliest childhood I had heard of that most fearful of all storms, the hurricane, and wished away down in my heart, as I listened open-mouthed to the wondrous and marvelous tales, that I, too, might taste of that experience.

It was not until the year 1906, however, that I had this fantastic wish (as it may seem to some who feel not the joy in the dash and plunge of the wave) granted.

In September of that year I took a trip to one of the West India islands. The weather on the downward trip was perfect and the sea as smooth as glass. One of our number, Mr. Blank, had a camera with which he was wont to take pictures of most anything he could take a picture of, but his one crowning ambition was to secure a picture of a wave, "a great big wave," and at no time had he ever had an opportunity.

As I said, all went well on the downward trip; and all was going well on the return trip until the third day. It was on the said third day, about three hundred miles to the north of Cuba, that the waves suddenly changed their peaceful nature, and one by one the passengers went crawling to their rooms with that weak, wan, smile and the old so often repeated remark, "I think I shall lie down awhile," until only a few remained in their chairs upon the deck.

As the wind rose and the waves grew higher the steamer naturally began to roll, and still more naturally, by the force of gravity, our chairs began to slide on the inclined plane. Things at last grew so bad that we had to have our chairs lashed to the railing that ran around the house. All went well for awhile, especially when the ship rolled low on the other side, but when she rolled on our side it was hang on for "dear life" and many times we slipped half out of our chairs.

While we sat there watching the waves, which were perfectly marvelous with their emerald colouring and snowy breaking tops, we noticed two birds flying close to the ship. They were about the size of a crow and of a rich brown colour; from their beaks I knew them to be birds that fed on fish. At last they succeeded in making a landing and one of them alighted almost at our feet; this at the time surprised me very much, as birds of that kind are usually of a wild nature and when touched will attack one fiercely

and digging their beaks into one's hand will tear the flesh off in strips. The passengers were greatly pleased with the birds, but I quickly interposed and gave them a very bad reputation. What was my amazement when the one near us allowed the first officer to take it in his hand and to all appearances was as meek and as gentle as a lamb! Indeed I think some thought I had slandered the bird most unjustly, and all the sympathy was with the poor pretty bird which I still looked upon with distrust and kept my distance.

Meanwhile the captain, upon whose face for the past hour had been a look of grave concern, passed by, and the look, not readable to all, deepened when he saw the birds, the other one of which had also made a landing. And oh cruel and heartless man! he saw not the beauty in the pretty birds, but scowled in a dreadful manner. He had but to look at the birds and know, what all of us did not know, that those birds are never, except in great stress of weather, found more than fifty miles off the coast. He reasoned that bad weather and heavy winds must have driven these birds from their course, and they stupified and frightened, were suffering themselves to be handled without the slightest resistance. His glass and the increasing volume of the waves were fast proving the correctness of his judgment.

Soon the waves began to break in over the lower deck, and in one of the sudden lurches an exceedingly fat man fell out of his steamer chair and rolled down over the deck and only his excessive bulk saved him from rolling out through the rails. After that protesting was of no avail and we were ordered in, and, as the captain's orders are law, in we had to go. The waves at this time, as they rose like huge mountains and shook their shaggy heads at us threateningly, were the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

When we went in I found Mr. Blank huddled disconsolately on a settee in a corner of the social hall. As he had always been one to protest that *he* was not seasick, *no*, not he, and remembering his desire to get a photo of a wave, I thought it no more than kind to tell him of the fine specimens outside and suggest that he go to the door and take advantage of this opportunity which he probably would never have again. Some men are the most ungrateful, unappreciating, creatures that ever lived, for all the answer I received was a low grumble from which I barely made out *—his camera wasn't working.*

Things began to grow worse until at last we could neither sit up nor stand up, and as it was not very pleasant holding on to the floor every one sought his room and lay upon his berth.

Soon the waves began to wash over the upper decks, and the water poured in through the ports until it became necessary to close all ports and doors and the air was stifling. As it came on towards night the waves and wind were in a perfect riot; ports were dashed in as if they were match wood, heavy glass skylights as if paper.

As I lay upon my berth listening to it all, I was startled by a heavy crash directly underneath my stateroom and a ripping noise outside. The ship trembled like a leaf but soon we could feel her gradually rising on the waves again. The crash and tremble had been caused by the shipping of a wave which had smashed in the stateroom below me, and ripped a part of the upper deck up, just outside of my room. The whole saloon was now afloat with this inrush of water, and clothes and suit cases and steamer trunks began to wander around at their own sweet will, their owners little caring whither they went, so busy were they trying to keep in their berths.

Some of them managed to roll right over their bunk boards out into the water, and if you have once rolled out of a *top* berth I think you will agree with me, that it's a performance not to be indulged in too often. But after you have gone to sea and have become accustomed to its ways you learn how to stay in your berth and balance yourself on the end of nothing and still hang on.

Between nine and twelve o'clock the storm was at its worst, *a real live hurricane* was upon us, the engines unable to battle against such a sea were stopped. Now was the anxious time for captain and officers, and the helmsman at the wheel, how much rested upon him! One single false turn meant the bringing down of thousands of tons of water upon the ship, from out of which she would never rise again. Trembling like a frightened steed she would ride on the top of a wave, then drop as the sea dropped. Imagine yourself tossed as a ball into the air and then coming down again. The jerk with which she landed was tremendous and we were black and blue from pounding on our berths.

The force of the hurricane lasted for about three hours but for three days the storm raged and for three days no sky was seen, nothing but mountains of water. On the fourth day the sun shone forth and the waves went down and we were allowed to breath the fresh air once more.

Such a curious sight as we presented! Everyones' clothes had been soaked, some were not fit to put on, but all helped his brother in the common cause and we made no unkind remarks when we saw the fat man's suit walking off with the slim youth. As for myself, I appeared in a dress that had once been white,

but now, alas, was fancifully streaked with red from the dripping curtains, but red stripes seemed to be the prevailing fashion with the ladies on deck, so I felt no ways out of place.

Then began the work of drying; every available place was hung with garments. And the saloon! Where was its glitter and grandeur of a few days ago? Gone! Windows broken, canvas over the holes, Brussels carpets all torn from the floor, and really all that could be recognized were the staunch oak tables and chairs.

The captain, when he appeared from the pilot house, was greeted with cries of welcome and one of the company shouted "Hello captain, I prayed on that fearful night, first for myself and, then, for you."

We were now many miles off our course, for as you all know, hurricanes travel in circles, and it was necessary to run the ship off her course to avoid getting back into that fated circle again.

So, when we arrived in Boston two days behind scheduled time, in a battered ship, although our clothes had lost some style, we were thankful to be able to walk ashore in any kind, and it was a happy band that packed their still damp belongings and placed their foot on "Mother Earth" once more.

Let me say in conclusion that I have had my wish, I am satisfied; and if any of you wish for a hurricane just keep on wishing, you may some day have the good fortune to have it granted you.

N. S. D.

Lumbering

TO me the forest has always been a source of great delight. My first real acquaintance began when I spent a year on the edge of a dense pine woods. I was a very little girl at that time but I shall never forget the beauty of that playground. Just picture a tract of land covered with massive pines under which is a thick carpet of brown pine needles. The air was full of piney perfume while the wind whistling through the treetops was truly music. However, in a hard storm the music became a mighty roar.

At this time I began my study of trees. My first lesson as to their great weight and the power of the wind was well learned when an immense Balm of Gilead was blown across the house I lived in, nearly crushing it. This only intensified my wonder.

In a few years I had a chance to add to my knowledge of the production of lumber. Perhaps it was an unusual experience so I will give you a brief sketch of it. In the early summer of '92 mother and I were invited to go to Sherburne, Vermont, to stay a few weeks. This was a lumbering town twelve miles northeast of Rutland. Several mills were scattered about, one of which was on the summit of Sherburne mountain. It was there we were going. The woman in charge of the boarding house was ill, and, as she was acquainted with mother, asked her to oversee the work for a few weeks until she got rested.

We went by train from our home, twelve miles northwest of Bellows Falls, to Rutland. The trip was continued by coach to Sherburne Hollow where we changed our capacious vehicle for a single team. Alternately riding and walking we at last reached our destination nearly four miles up the mountain. Some of the time I rode at an angle of forty-five degrees although the idea of angles was quite remote from me then. All I remember of the first part of the journey was my excitement. This was followed by a feeling of bewilderment and weariness as I took my drive through a rather wild country. The roads were rough and the brooks and swampy places were corduroyed; that is, small logs were laid flat across the driveway, a great many of them, until horses and vehicles could pass with nothing worse than a shaking up.

If you could have seen our destination as it was the night we arrived I fear you would have said, "How lonely!" But why should it be? Our nearest neighbor was only three miles away and such an expanse of forest! Why I felt like a bird! It was at this time that I really began my nature study. I must confess however that my love for rocks and bugs came at a later date. Trees, flowers, and larger animals were my specialty then.

The boarding house was quite a large building but not burdened with paint within or without. The walls were made of single, unmatched boards, the roof, shingleless, and I can even now see the irregular eaves. As I recall the interior, the second floor was composed of sleeping rooms which were reached by an open flight of stairs leading from the side of a large room below.

On the first floor was a dining room and kitchen combined; a room for the men to sit in, which I think they called the bar room; a large pantry, and two or three sleeping rooms.

All that I can recall of the furnishing of the house is that it was very simple. The old fashioned box stove was a prominent feature. The table service has completely faded from my memory.

I have a very distinct image of the back door, because the house was built on a steep side hill making this door very high from the ground. A few rods away was a well constructed barn in which they kept horses, oxen, hay and grain. Several rods beyond this was a large sawmill; and this completed the settlement.

As mother and I were strangers we had to be introduced to our new surroundings, a duty all were anxious to perform. By the time I had taken in the details I have just described, it was supper time. Soon it was dark and the play was about to begin. One of the men stepped just out of doors and gave a most agonizing shriek. I thought it was about time to get frightened and began to prepare, but, instead, I was taken to the door to hear the result of the apparent distress. Soon in the distance came an answer in about the same tone. This continued until the answering object came comparatively near. Much to my surprise I was informed that this was a bear. From then on I used to hear them quite often, see their tracks, and find the remains of rabbits which they had killed. One of the best games I had was to go out in the morning and see how many of these I could find.

Before very late we were glad to go to bed and get a chance to rest. During the night we were awakened by a loud, gnawing and fighting on the roof. In the midst of the excitement the lady of the house called to us saying: "Do you hear that noise? Don't be alarmed, it is only hedgehogs. They come every night. I intended to tell you before you went to bed but I forgot it." Her duty was done so she returned to slumberland. I recall a slight trembling, a chill I suppose, but sleepiness soon overcame it. As time went on I found our visitors were very constant. We were often awakened in the morning by the tapping of the woodpeckers.

Although there were nearly all kinds of the common trees to be found on the mountain, the forest was chiefly composed of spruce. I remember well the large pieces of the gum which the men used to chop off of the trees and bring to the house.

I will now attempt to give you an idea of how they conducted the lumbering business there. Of course on my arrival the buildings were up, the roads made, and the work in progress, so I can not explain the beginning. Several horses were used about the mill but oxen did the work in the woods. To be definite, we will choose one tree in the woods and follow its different stages.

Early in the morning a man, sometimes two men, approached

and chopped down the tree. Then they limbed it out; that is, cut off the branches. After this, oxen were hitched to the tree and, if it was a large one, it was drawn directly to the mill; otherwise it was left until they could get three or four and then they were drawn to the lumber yard by fastening one end of the trees to a sled and permitting the other end to drag. After this they waited their turn to be rolled in on the carriage on which they were run into the mill to be sawed by the large circular saw. If it was an average sized log a slab was removed and then two or three boards were sawed off. Then the log was turned over and a slab was taken from the other side. Then boards were sawed out until the log was used up. The slab or bark pieces were taken to a small circular saw and there sawed into short lengths.

As each board was sawed off a man placed it on a series of rollers and gave it a push sending it to a man outside. Here was a sled on which the boards were piled and drawn away to be piled or stacked. This was an interesting piece of work.

First two poles were laid on the ground about ten or twelve feet apart. Across these the first layer of boards was placed. On this, about a foot and a half from the end, small strips or narrow boards were placed, running in the same direction as the poles and so on until the pile was several feet high. All this care is taken to let the air have a chance to circulate through to dry the boards and season them.

Later these boards were drawn down the mountain and sent away for building purposes. Large derricks were also constructed there.

Now all this sawing, the running of the carriage, and so on, required power, which was furnished by an engine run by steam power. The water in the boiler was heated by the fire in the fire box underneath; this caused steam which went through a large pipe to the steam chest. This pressure caused the engine to work, turning large wheels over which were run large leather belts connecting with other wheels, until all the machinery was in motion. The power is gauged by a brake.

When wood is sawed there is always sawdust. This could not remain beneath the saw as in hand sawing because it would soon be in the way. To prevent this it fell into a trough-like receiver called a blower. In this was an arrangement called a fan which was run by a belt causing a rush of air strong enough to blow the sawdust far out from the mill.

A point of especial interest to me was a regular track built for the dump car. This car was really a three-foot square on wheels. Child fashion I soon began to get acquainted with it.

I found that I could easily push it down the track from the mill and even ride on it when I got it to going well. I might say that this sport took place fifteen feet above ground and was very enjoyable; but the thing absolutely refused to be pushed back. Now all I had to do was to run off and soon some of the help would want the car and so they would go after it. When they were through with my plaything they would leave it at the mill. As soon as the men were out of sight I participated in another ride.

This afforded me much amusement for some time, but one day I met with a surprise. Now some surprises are very acceptable but I will let you be the judge of this one. I was just completing one of my car trips when suddenly I was seized by some one back of me and lightly tossed into the sawdust piles several feet below. I got up, taking a load with me, and, although unharmed, I decided that my friendship with the car must come to an end.

In this manner the summer passed with very little excitement until one day mother and I went for a walk to a charming spot, two miles distant, on an old wood road. Late in the afternoon we began retracing our steps when mother became aware of the presence of a panther which was calmly watching us. I was quite ignorant of the fact at the time and, by the way, continued to be for several years.

As we proceeded, our unwelcome companion did likewise. From reports, I suppose I was a very troublesome child that day. My desire for flowers grew more intense every moment and I insisted on rushing into the bushes directly in front of the terrible beast. It seemed that our spectator was not very hungry because he did not give any signs of attack and, when we were about a quarter of a mile from the mill, he coolly made his departure. None of these seekers of prey came very near the buildings as they were afraid of the mill whistle. Thus ended a most delightful afternoon for me and an experience quite to the contrary to my poor mother.

It was now nearly fall and the woman who had charge of the boarding house had so far recovered as to take up the work again. Consequently mother and I returned home. For the next few years, I failed to make any advance in my study of lumbering.

About twelve years ago I went to a new home situated in the Connecticut valley, sixty-five miles north of my former dwelling. From this place I had a fine chance to watch the proceedings on and along the river. During the winter, men cut a great many logs and piled them along the water course. In the spring, when the water was high, the logs were rolled down the bank and they

drifted down the current to lumber dealers, saw mills, or paper mills. Men were often seen out on the logs prying them apart when they got lodged. When big drives were sent they were gauged and directed by means of booms, that is a lone of logs the ends of which are fastened together. In this way bridge abutments, rocks, certain mills, and shallow water were shut off.

Vermont has a great many portable mills. I know of a man who has six or eight of these. One was put up in the immediate neighborhood of my home last winter. Of course I improved my first opportunity to visit it. I found the settlement to be quite a village in itself. All it lacked was a church and a post office. There were five buildings, mess house, sleeping house, store, blacksmith shop and a barn. About forty Scotch Canadians, were in the camp.

Two men, cook and cookee, prepared the meals. The mess house was of great interest to me because everything was neat and orderly. It was a one-room building about twenty by forty feet. In the middle of the north end were two large cooking stoves, while there was a door at each end, one opening into a store room, the other out of doors.

In the northeast corner was an entrance to the cook's sleeping apartment. This was single boarded but covered within and without with red building paper. A small sheet iron stove made it very warm and cozy. The furniture consisted of three chairs, two stands, and a bed made of rough boards. Two or three rugs adorned the rough board floor. Two small windows furnished plenty of light. Now we will return to the eating apartment.

Four windows furnished the light here showing an unpainted and much stained but thoroughly swept floor. In the northwest corner was a sink, while along the rest of that side was a wide shelf under which were attached drawers. Some of these contained dishes and others food. The other side of the room had a row of barrels, holding flour, sugar, and potatoes. Large boxes of tea, spices, etc., were also visible.

Two tables ran parallel to the length of the room. These were unpainted boards covered with white oilcloth. This top rested on boards that were nailed together in the form of the letter X. These served as legs. Long unpainted benches took the place of chairs.

One end of a board, four inches by two and one-half feet, was nailed to a beam over each end of each table. On the lower end of this was nailed a board five inches square; a strip three inches wide and one foot long was cut out of the lower end of the perpendicular board. This, as a whole served as a lamp bracket

and by having the open space in the long board, the light could shine both ways. I noticed how spotless the lamps were. Tin cups, white crockery and steel knives and forks made up the table service.

While making my investigation at the mill, the midday meal was served. During the shut down of the machinery I had a good chance to look around. When the men returned my companions and I accepted an urgent invitation to dine. This was the menu:

Boiled beef, boiled potatoes, wheat bread, graham bread, butter, apple sauce, doughnuts, ginger cookies, cake, lemon pie, tea and coffee.

Really I began to think I was on a picnic.

After this we returned to the mill. I found the work in this like the one I have previously described; but I want to tell you about the sleeping house.

This was twenty-feet by thirty feet. The entrance was in the north end. A window was on each side of the room, near the door. Another was in the center of the south wall. Near the north end of the apartment was a large box stove. At the right of the door was a cupboard. Three beds were built against the west wall. These were like a box four feet by six feet by two feet, except that the ends were prolonged upward about four feet. In this receptable were placed a straw bed and several blankets. This completed the place of repose. Individuals sometimes furnished something for a pillow. Along the front of these berths was placed a board reminding one of a shelf. This was to sit on. Above these beds and on the extended ends of which I have spoken, were built three other beds like the ones below. In the southeast corner were two other tiers of four berths each, like the first except, that they ran parallel with the end of the room. A sink and several shelves at the left of the entrance completed the furnishings.

Harmonicas, singing, clog dancing, story telling and the daily paper helped to pass away the long evening hours. Drinking and card playing were absolutely forbidden. On Saturdays the mill closed at half past four and then was the time that a great many of the men did their washing. This was a feature highly entertaining to the passersby. The cordiality and kindness of these men was felt throughout the neighborhood.

Another of my recent excursions of investigation was to a finishing mill. This is where lumber is sent to be made into furniture, boxes, or house finishing, as baseboards, chair railings, banisters and mouldings.

These are some of the kinds of wood used in finishing a house or for furniture. For mouldings, oak, black walnut, North Carolina pine, chestnut, sycamore and white wood; baseboards, bass wood; chair railings, quartered oak and Georgia pine; flooring, pine and maple; mahogany, rosewood, cherry, chestnut, birch, maple, black walnut and sumac are used to make the highest grade furniture.

When I looked at the big planing machine and another machine which sandpapered the boards, I hastened away as soon as possible for fear I should loose my fondness for that line of work in sloyd. They also had some remarkable machines which would make several cuts and grooves at once.

The room for the drying of the lumber was quite interesting with its big steam pipes over the floor and about the walls. Cleats were over them and the boards were piled in the manner I have previously described. The room could be shut up and then the drying process was quite rapid. After receiving a great deal of much repeated information, and several specimens of wood, I began to recognize some of the wood without its bark.

I wish more people might become aware of the grandeur of the trees, the contrast of their bark, and the beautiful grain some of them have. Too many of us have only a dim idea of the general shape of different trees and their leaves.

E. F. S.

Brushes

IT was my turn to sweep the floor, and this Monday, I didn't want to do it. I never liked sweeping the floor; in fact as I have rather strong likes and dislikes, I hated it. But there was no way out of it. I had to sweep, and as grumbling out loud isn't allowed in our house, I grumbled inwardly. I swept the floor, and I had the dust in a little pile, ready to pick up with the dustpan and brush. I took the brush up in my hand, and was looking down at it, when the thought occurred to me, "Well, I wonder how that little brush was made, and what it was before it became a brush." The brush was rather old, and the bristles were loose, so I pulled out a few, and discovered that the bristles were bound in a bundle, a sticky substance placed on the end of

the bundle, and then it was placed in a hole bored in the under side of the body of the brush. This seemed very wonderful to me, and still so wonderfully simple.

The brush was in my hand all this time, and I was standing in the middle of the floor, when I came to myself with a start on hearing my sister exclaim: "Julia Fleming, will you please come out of that trance, and kindly (tone very sarcastic) take that dirt up. I've been talking to you for the last five minutes, and my voice wasn't weak either."

My, if she had only known what I was thinking of, and how valuable I thought it was, I think she would have brushed the dirt up, herself, but I never told her, and at last the sweeping of the floor was completed.

From that day to this, I rather liked sweeping the floor, and I grew to love that little brush. Brushes of any kind exercised a sort of fascination over me, and one day, I had a very unpleasant experience. The street sweeper's brush was different from the brushes I had seen, and I wanted very much to see what kind of bristles or fibers it had. I saw a street sweeper, one day, sweeping one of the streets of Worcester, and I was so eager to investigate, that I got too near the brush, and soon I was enveloped in a great cloud of dust. The sweeper was very much agitated, and in his nervousness, I think he begged my pardon five different ways. When I could see, I told him it was all my fault, and that he was in no way to blame, and I hurried away quickly to brush my clothes. But who would mind a little thing like that, when one had found out that the street sweeper's brush was made of stiff yellowish white reeds?

I was certainly, if I ever got the chance, going to find out all I could about brushes, and the chance came when Miss Ordway said we could investigate a topic for geography.

One Saturday, accordingly, I visited the brush shop, and such entertainment I never had. It was thoroughly enjoyable, and if I kept a diary, it would certainly go down as a red-letter day in my life. The owner of the shop was acquainted with me, and he took me into the room where the supplies were kept, and gave me the samples of bristles and fibers, which I have. These bristles were very interesting to me, after their history which I will now tell to you, had been recounted to me.

Bristles are stiff hairs which grow upon the back of the hog, and are used to a great extent in the manufacture of brushes. Sometimes bristles are used by saddlers in place of needles. There are several varieties of bristles; grey, black, yellow and white bristles, and lilies. The lilies are very soft valuable bristles, being

preferred for tooth and shaving brushes. The demand is so great for the manufacture of the different kinds of brushes, that bristles are an important article of commerce. Russia and Germany are the chief sources of supply, but bristles are also obtained from France and Belgium, and large quantities of inferior bristles from China. The quality of the bristles depends on length, stiffness, straightness, and color, white being the most valuable. The best bristles belong to the hog which inhabits cold countries. The Russian hog is a long spare animal, and the thinner the hog the longer and stiffer are the bristles. When sent south, the warmer climate loosens the bristles on the hog, makes them less strong, and consequently the value of the bristle is depreciated. In summer, the hogs are driven in herds through the forests by serfs, and allowed to feed on soft roots. The hogs shed their bristles by rubbing their bodies against trees. The bristles are then collected, sewed up in horse and ox hides, sent to fairs, where through agents they find their way to other countries and to us.

Whenever I think of all this it seems to me as if I could see it as scenes represented upon the biograph. The first scene is a large forest, and numerous long, not prepossessing but interesting hogs, are roaming about, shedding their bristles. The second scene is the gathering of the bristles by the peasants in their rough dress, and the sewing of the bristles, in the long horse and ox hides. The last scene is one in which I always allow my imagination full play. That scene is the fair. I can see the peasants in their bright holiday attire with their happy faces. I can hear them talk over their little affairs, their good natured raillery, and last of all I can see them selling the bristles which are displayed on the long stalls.

Among the samples which were given to me were fibers, and these were just as entertaining to me, as were the bristles. During the recent war with Russia, the source of most of the supply of bristles, the bristles became scarce, and men who were interested in brush manufacturing set about finding a substitute. As "necessity is the mother of invention," the fibrous roots of trees were tried, and found to be of use in brush making and consequently fibers, being more accessible and cheaper, are displacing the bristle in certain kinds of brushes.

Up to now, in this shop, brushes have been made by hand, but now machines are being introduced. The owner took me upstairs to a room in which the machines were in operation. This shop is small and the machines are few. The first machine I looked at was a circular saw. This was used to cut the wood used for the dust brush into the right size. The wood used was wood

of the bass tree, and it came from Brewer, Maine. This machine was horribly fascinating to me, for all I could think of was what would happen if the man who operated the machine ever got his fingers on the edge of the saw. The noise of the saw when the wood went through it and was split, was something terrific, and to tell you the truth I was glad to move out of its vicinity.

Not far from this machine was another which seemed to me to be easy to run for it was operated by a boy of about eighteen years. It made the little gun brush, unfinished of course, which the boy gave to me. The operator took a handful of black bristles, placed them between a wire which he made into a loop, adjusted and spread the bristles out until they reached from the end of the wire half way; then by a treadle movement of the machine the wire wound around the bristles and held them firm.

If you will examine the gun brush, you will see that the handle is nothing but two strands of wire twisted together. I took my gun brush to another machine, and by the same treadle movement, a wheel of what seemed to me to be little knives was set in motion, the gun brush placed inside the wheel, and the bristles clipped evenly.

Another machine operated by pulleys, separated the bristles into even sizes. The bristles were fed into the machine from one side in a tangled mass, and appeared on the other side of the trough evenly sorted.

The fourth machine in this room was the Woodbury machine. This machine made a scrub brush for me, but alas, I didn't keep it very long, for the manager said the machine was just being introduced, and the articles made were not to be placed on the market. I told him, he ought not to consider me the market, but he took the brush nevertheless.

The Woodbury machine extensively used in America, consists of a comb with an arrangement for filling its divisions with bristles, and a shaft to run the mechanism by which the bristles are fed in tufts to plungers that double them, bind them with wire, and introduce them into the back of the brush. It also has an arrangement by which the wire is fed to and through the bristles after doubling, and a mechanism sending the brush back under the two plungers concerned in preparing and inserting the tuft.

Downstairs, where we went after seeing the Woodbury machine operated, was the real workroom of the brush factory. This room contained from twenty to thirty girls and six men. A small factory surely, but a busy one.

The first process I saw was the sorting of bristles according to color, black, grey, yellow, white, and lillies. Each kind of

bristles was then sorted according to size. This process was performed by passing a bunch of bristles held in the hand through a row of steel points like the teeth of a comb, which catch the coarser bristles. Care is taken in this process to keep the bristles evenly arranged. By using a succession of these combs of increasing fineness, the bristles were separated into as many heaps as desirable.

The black bristles were, after being sorted, given to girls who were seated at benches. The girls were making compound brushes. Simple brushes are brushes like the artists.' These are usually made of soft camel's hair. The hairs are made into a bundle and the points temporarily protected. They are inserted in a quill until the points project sufficiently beyond the small end. The quill or tube has been previously softened by water and as it dries it contracts, and the bundle of hairs is held fast. The simple brushes were not made in this shop.

On the benches of the girls were placed large balls of twine, and a bowl of tar over a fire. These girls were making dust brushes, the brushes in which I was most interested. The bristles were separated into bundles by the deft hands of the girls, tied at the ends with twine, and the bundles were dipped in the heated tar and inserted in a hole which was bored in the under side of the body of the brush. There were about sixty holes bored in the brush, and these had to be filled before the brush was completed. The boring of the brushes was done by the men with a borer.

While I was watching the process, the brushes were fast developing, and I stayed until I saw one dust brush begun and finished. This brush was brought to the clipping machine and the bristles evenly cut. Then the brush was coated with a veneer to hide the roughness, and the dust brush was ready to be placed upon the market. One fact which interested me greatly was that the girls were paid so much a hundred holes, and girls whose hands worked with great deftness could make from six to eight dollars a week. This is considered good pay for inexperienced girls.

My attention was now drawn to the girls who were considered experienced in their work. They were making drawn in brushes. The girls had long pieces of wood, hollowed out in the middle and bored with five or six rows of holes, with about three hundred holes in a row. The girls were supplied with black bristles and copper wire. They separated the bristles into a bundle, made a loop of the copper wire, placed the loop about the middle of the bundle, and drew the bundle through the hole by means of the wire, so that the bundle of bristles was separated into two tufts instead of one.

This process was repeated until all the holes were filled, and they were being filled with wonderful dexterity. When the brush is to be subjected to acid liquor, such as the stopping brush of the hat maker, a cord is substituted for the copper wire to prevent corrosion. The drawn in brush which I saw made was to be used in the mills instead of teasels for raising the wool from cloth.

Another brush which was used in the mill, and which I saw being made was the revolving brush. This was a circular piece of wood like a fence post. This was bored all around with holes. Soft yellowish white brushes, called Tampico, were separated into bundles, the same way as the dust brushes. These bundles were tied with twine, and dipped in white paint. Then the bundle was placed in the hole and a short peg about an inch long was placed in the middle of the tuft and hammered into the hole. This peg held the tuft firmly. Of all the brushes I saw, this was the softest and the prettiest.

These brushes which I have tried to explain were the only ones I saw being made, for the factory closed at five o'clock. But oh, were they not interesting to watch! I could have stayed in that factory all day, and just watched.

When I got home, I was interested to find out how far back in years brushes were invented, and I found an old record of Edward Henning's brush. In 1699, he petitioned "for a new engine for sweeping the streets of London for aye they sorely needed." No specification was enrolled but the invention included the loading and removal of refuse "with great ease and quickness."

A long interval elapsed before anything further was done in this direction. Then I found that whalebone fibers were introduced into brush making in England in 1808, and in 1810, twigs of broom, mallow and other plants and shrubs. Before this in 1879 John Elin invented a brush for the sweeping of chimneys. This was done mostly by children, and a cruelty to them it was as Charles Kingsley portrays it in his "Water Babies." Machines coming into existence on account of certain acts which were passed forbidding children to sweep chimneys, put an end to John Elin's brush. I found out that revolving brushes for cleaning rooms were invented in 1811. In 1824 revolving brushes for mills were invented. In 1824, also, William Ranyard invented a number of brushes mounted upon two rims or placed upon an axis which was raised upon a vehicle or barrow. Boase and Smith made in 1828, an improvement upon the street sweeper's machine, which included scraping, sweeping, and watering streets.

Many inventions of street sweeping brushes include removal of refuse as well as sweeping, and some, watering in addition.

I was interested to find that the one which threw so much dirt on me, was the simplest, most easily managed, and most commonly used.

The last brush I found was Mr. Ketson's in 1875, and this scraped refuse and mud from paving stones. House and dust brushes were invented the latest, but when, I could not find out.

When I look back upon what I have written the thought occurs to me, "probably this won't be as interesting to everybody as it is to you," but then I say to myself that you must be interested; for when I think of brushes and the good time I have had studying about them, I think anyone would be fascinated by this subject. Brushes will, I think, always fascinate me, and that some day you may have the pleasure of visiting a brush factory, is the best wish I can have for you.

J. E. F.

Baker & Co.'s Chocolate

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHOCOLATE PLANT.

WHEN Columbus discovered America he found that the natives around the Caribbean sea possessed two luxuries, tobacco and chocolate. Since that time, tobacco has been transplanted to many parts of the globe, but, as chocolate cannot bear a low temperature, it has been confined to the warmer regions of the world.

The explorers described the peculiar tree, and the best account which we have is by Bontekoe. He speaks of the large fruits, or pods, borne on the main stem, for the pods are always formed on the older parts of the plant. Another feature to be noticed is that the chocolate tree is always sheltered by a larger tree of some other kind near it. This is necessary for a successful growth.

The natives of tropical America roasted the large seeds, then ground them. To do this, they used the flat or curved surface of the sort of stone used to grind their Indian corn or maize. The roller was a short, thick stone, cylindrical in shape, similar to our rolling pins. When the seeds were crushed, various ingredients not known to us, were added, among which were various kinds of spices.

The drinks made from this were complex but chocolate itself was the chief constituent. It was customary to beat the mixture into a froth by means of stirrers. Some writers say that the word "chocolate" is derived from the native word, indicating noise made by the stirring of the beverage. Thomas Gage in "The New Survey of the West Indies" says: "The name chocolate is an Indian word, a compound of *atte*, meaning water, and the sound which the water makes (wherein is put the chocolate) as *choco, choco, choco*, when it is stirred in a cup by an instrument called a 'molinet' until it bubbles and rises into a froth."

There is good reason to believe that, at the discovery of America, tea and coffee were but vaguely known to travelers in the Orient. Therefore, when the explorers introduced chocolate into Europe, it was the first of the three beverages to attract attention. The other beverages soon followed and after a while they were associated together in popular regard.

The Europeans manufactured chocolate with the same appliances as the natives of tropical countries. The Spaniards gained a knowledge of the fruit and the manner of preparing it. For many years they kept the secret, selling their products to the wealthy classes of Europe. The Spanish ladies were so devoted to their chocolate that they not only drank it several times a day, but had it carried after them to church.

Chocolate was introduced into England in 1657 but it was scarce and expensive on account of the high duties, so until 1832 it gained but little headway.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PLANT.

The chocolate plant is known as the *Theobroma Cacao*—meaning "Food of the Gods." This genus contains six species, only one of which is generally cultivated.

The seeds are borne in pods, which are irregular and angular, much like some forms of cucumbers, but more pointed at the lower extremity and more distinctly grooved. Its length is about nine inches or even a foot, and half that in diameter. The color when young is green, later becoming dark yellow or yellowish brown. The rind is thick and tough. The pods are filled with closely packed "beans" or seeds, imbedded in a mass of tissue. The seeds are about the size of ordinary almonds, whitish when fresh, and of a very bitter taste, when dried they become brown.

The fruits are about four months in ripening, but they appear and mature the whole year through. The chief harvests are usually in early spring, but they differ in different countries.

The tree grows about thirteen feet tall, is from five to eight inches in diameter, and of spreading habit and healthy growth. Although it needs more care than the coffee tree, yet it requires less labor to prepare the seed for market.

The tree needs an average temperature of eighty degrees, hence the area of the cocoa belt is comparatively restricted and the cocoa planter has no fear of competition. Besides, a moist soil and humid atmosphere is necessary. Because of these conditions the lands along the coast of the Caribbean sea, sloping from the mountain tops to the shore, "bedewed with exhalations of the sea, and irrigated by numerous rivulets that course down the valleys," are found to be well adapted to the cultivation of cocoa.

The trees are set out similar to apple orchards, except that the young stalks may be transplanted from the nursery after two months' growth. No preparation of the soil or manure is necessary.

The young trees are fifteen feet apart, and between the rows are planted rows of Bucare, a tree which grows rapidly and serves as a shade for the soil, as well as to shield the young trees from the hot sun. Small trenches are maintained from tree to tree throughout the entire length of the rows, so that the mountain stream will bring the necessary moisture to the trees and soil.

Not until the plantation is five years old does it bear fruit, then annually it yields two crops. It will yield for forty years under proper care, and such an orchard will yield five or six hundred pounds to the acre at every harvest.

When the workman gathers the pods, he is careful to cut only the ripe ones, which he does by means of a long pole armed with a knife at its extremity. For twenty-four hours the pods are left in a heap on the ground, then they are cut open and the seeds are carried in baskets to places where they are cured. There the acid juice which accompanies the seed is drained off, after which they are placed in a sweating box, in which they are enclosed and allowed to ferment for some time. This process of "sweating" has to be carried on most carefully as on it, to a certain extent, depend the flavor of the seeds and the fitness for preservation. Now the seeds are exposed to the sun and dried, and if they are of fine quality, they assume a warm, reddish tint. Then the beans are ready for shipment.

MANUFACTURE OF CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

The first chocolate mill in the British province of North America was erected on the Neponset river, in Dorchester, Mass.,

in 1765. It was connected with a saw mill, operated by water power and was erected only as an experiment.

The new industry prospered in a small way, and on the death of Hannon, the owner of the establishment, Dr. James Baker bought the mill.

On this same spot his heirs founded the great house of Walter Baker & Co., an establishment whose name is known the world over, and whose prosperity promotes the welfare of the men who labor under a tropical sun, in the cultivation of one of the choicest fruits of the earth.

The cocoa beans are given the name of the locality where they are grown. Every place produces a different kind of bean with distinguishing color and appearance. The most esteemed brand in the Walter Baker house is the Carácas cocoa, from Venezuela.

The constituent upon which the value of cocoa depends is theobromine, an alkaloid substance closely allied to the theine of tea and coffee. Fat or cocoa butter composes about fifty-two per cent. of the cocoa bean. It is a firm, white, solid substance with an agreeable taste and odor. It consists of stearin with a little olein, and is used in surgical practice, and in France as a material for soap and pomade. Starch grains are present in raw cocoa, so peculiar in character that they are easily distinguished from any other starch granules.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of visiting Walter Baker's factory and I followed the process of chocolate making from the raw cocoa to the finish product. We first visited a large storeroom where we saw hundreds of bags of cocoa beans. Now, instead of having these bags carried to the floor below, large bins on the floor receive the beans and gradually allow them to pass into large revolving cylinders below. These cylinders are made of wire, and the beans revolving rapidly lose all the dust and foreign matters which have come from various sources during the fermentation of the seeds. The beans which stick together, that is "double beans," drop out at one end by an ingenious device, for the beans are next to be roasted, and where two are together, the roasting would not be evenly done.

The beans pass through openings in the floor to the floor below, preparatory to being roasted. Before they are roasted, however, they are picked over by hand. They lie upon a belt running continually through a room; a girl sits on either side, and picks out any little stone or foreign matter which was not removed by the machine. In this same room the double beans are cut apart. The girls are skilled when they can pick over or cut apart so many hand-cars of beans a day. It is very clean, pretty work.

Now the beans are ready for roasting; this takes place also in large revolving cylinders, which hold 2,240 pounds each. Four-inch steam pipes are coiled in each vat with 180 pounds pressure. The seeds are roasted by being tossed about on the revolving cylinders. It takes about four hours for the roasting to be completed. During this time, the seeds change color and become more or less modified in taste. The aromatic substance is formed during this proceeding and the starch changes to dextrin. In unroasted seeds the flavor is not fully developed, while in over-roasted seeds the pleasant taste is likely to become greatly impaired, so this part of the manufacture is one of the most delicate processes from beginning to end.

By roasting, the shell becomes more readily detachable, and its complete removal is the next step. This is done by drawing off the beans in cars when cool and emptying them into a machine which crushes, but does not powder them. This is followed by a "winnowing" process which separates the kernels, or "nibs," from the lighter shells. It is accomplished by the action of a powerful fan blast, which fans the light shells or husks out at the back portion of the cylinder where they are gathered up, and the clean shells are placed in packages. They make a wholesome and very low priced drink.

The cocoa nibs, which are now cleaned, are used in foreign countries for a simple decoction, but they require to be boiled so long that it is better to treat them further, and then too, by long boiling a part of the more delicate aroma peculiar to chocolate seeds is lost.

The nibs, now, are ground by a complicated machine until they form a perfectly homogenous mass or paste. This grinding is done by a cylinder machine, with an outer fixed casing within which a drum revolves. The nibs are fed in by a hopper on the upper part of the machine, they are carried around the circumference by the revolution of the drum, and then given up as a thin, uniform, pasty mass. I asked what was added to the nibs to form paste and the guide said: "I was waiting for you to ask that question, everyone does. The reason is this: the heat developed by friction within the cylinder is sufficient to liquify the cocoa oil and make the paste which you see."

Every kind of chocolate, whether bitter or sweet, is in this form first. From this machine the chocolate is drawn off in pipes, which lead through the floor into large vats on the floor below. There were eighteen machines or mills in one room, and twenty in another, so on the floor below we saw thirty-eight vats. I was surprised to see the different shades of chocolate, and the guide

told me that they used twenty-seven different kinds of cocoa beans each with characteristic color and flavor. He said if there was one secret in chocolate making it was in the blending of these varieties to make the richest and best colored product.

This chocolate in the vat is drawn off into twenty-five and ten pound pans, and put out in the cooling room. The cooling room has no walls, but only shutters in the sides to allow the cold air to circulate freely through the racks, on which the pans rest. This is the bitter chocolate used by confectioners and for cooking purposes.

The chocolate for drinking purposes is made in the same way as the cooking chocolate. It is made in another building, and here forty-two mills make the nibs into a paste. When it is drawn off, it is put into one and five pound pans, instead of the ten and twenty-five pound cakes for cooking use. A large pan with all the sections of the same size passes under a roller, a lever is raised and the openings in the roller deposits an even amount in each pan. Now the chocolate is ready to be cooled. In summer a large cooling room is used with a temperature of fourteen degrees below zero. In winter, the open room, with the shutters, is sufficient to cool the cakes.

Now, when the cakes are fully hardened and removed from the pans, if perfect, they are sent directly to the polishing room, where each cake is dipped into a preparation which gives it the glossy appearance. If the corners of the cakes are broken they are sent back and remelted.

The next step is the wrapping and packing room. This room is very interesting and I enjoyed watching the girls rapidly wrap each cake, while men carried them to another side of the room and packed them in wooden boxes. The shipping-room was near this room; and here we saw hundreds of boxes of chocolate being loaded into freight cars.

We made a short visit to the building where breakfast cocoa is made. The principal factors of the process are, the removal of a definite portion of the cocoa oil from the roasted seeds, secondly, increasing the utility of the powdered seeds by obtaining the greatest practicable degree of fineness.

The oil of the chocolate seed is perfectly wholesome, but many people find it hard to digest. So a part of this is removed by a machine, which subjects the roasted seeds to pressure, varying according to the amount of oil one wishes to remove.

The pressed mass treated mechanically is divided and subdivided, until the minute particles are capable of passing through a sieve having several thousand meshes to the square inch. Such

pulverization as this, would under ordinary circumstances, make the mass a dull and unattractive powder. In the firm of Walter Baker Co., this degree of fineness is secured without any loss of brilliancy in the powder, the color being very bright red, attractive in appearance and united with the natural chocolate odor and flavor, we have a pure cocoa of the highest grade.

I saw a complex machine which does nothing but fill the cans with cocoa. It has a shelf on which are a number of little cans. The cocoa is fed down through the top of the machine and when the even pound has passed through one can, a lid quickly covers it and the contents drop into the regular cocoa can. Then the shelf revolves and another can is filled in the same way, so thousands of cans are filled daily. The machine is so accurate that only one-fourth of an ounce is allowed, over and above, for every twelve cans. We saw a large packing room where nothing is done but labeling and packing the cans of breakfast cocoa.

Last of all, I visited the machine which sweetens the chocolate paste. It is a large wonderful machine, around which is a huge circular basin, into which the chocolate paste runs; a hopper feeds in a definite amount of pure sugar every second. Then the paste and sugar pass several times over and under horizontal rollers, and finally a thoroughly homogeneous mixture is secured. This machine has a capacity of five tons of chocolate daily. There is only one other machine like it in the world.

The sweetened chocolate now is drawn off into small vats and mixed with cocoa oil, for the paste has become dry. Then it is drawn off, cooled and stamped, and packed for shipment.

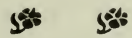
The process of making the chocolate bean into chocolate and cocoa is extremely interesting and not very difficult to follow. Everything is done by machinery. I was surprised to find so few workmen except in the packing rooms.

Cocoa has been found to be of great value as a food. It differs from both tea and coffee in that only an infusion of these substances is used, leaving much of their weight unconsumed, while the entire substance of cocoa is prepared as an emulsion for drinking. Tea and coffee are really only a stimulant, while cocoa well prepared is very nourishing, for in addition to the value of the theobromine it contains, it brings into the system no small amount of valuable nitrogenous and oleagenous elements.

That cocoa and chocolate have advanced in American favor during recent years is shown by these figures. In 1860 the amount retained for home consumption was 1,181,054 pounds, that is about three-fifths of an ounce for each inhabitant. The amount retained for home consumption in 1906 was 77,660,345 pounds, or about fourteen ounces for each inhabitant.

Although the consumption of tea and coffee also increased in this period, yet the ratio of increase fell far below that of cocoa. So it is evident that the coming American is to be less of a tea and coffee drinker, and more of a cocoa and chocolate drinker. "This is the natural result of a better knowledge of the laws of health, and of the food value of a beverage which nourishes the body while it also stimulates the brain."

M. M. M.



Advice to the Class of 1910

Upon entering this learned school
On the thirteenth of September;
There are a few important rules,
Which you really must remember.

For absence you must be excused,
A written one,—on slips;
These papers must not be misused,
And the janitor takes no tips.

Prepare yourself for a five-minute talk;
On a walk, a sail, or a prance;
Now girls, it's really quite useless to balk;
For everyone must take her chance.

And girls,—on Monday afternoon,
Don't dare to come in late.
Because one day we met our doom,
So profit by our fate.

Don't fail to visit our subway,
It will save you a great deal of time;
If you find it crowded about noon each day,
Please pass through in a single line.

But let every one work with will and zest,
Both student and professor;
To keep the standard the very best
Of our Alma Mater; may God bless her.

Should English History Be Studied in the Grades?

THE question with which my paper is headed may seem to some like agitating the question of putting another High School subject into the already crowded grammar schools. Such agitation, however, is not my purpose.

The college demands on the High School graduate have forced the crowding into the grammar school of some subjects which seem properly to belong to the High School. Teachers of eighth and ninth grades are now often required to teach Algebra, Geometry, Latin and French,—one or more of these subjects being offered in most of our grammar schools. To add more appears impossible.

But can we not find a place for English History, without causing "The Three R's" to suffer? I think it can be done.

There are many reasons for favoring an early study of English History. Let us consider some of them.

English History is, up to the time of the Revolution of 1776, our history—American History. Should we not, in order to understand our own land—its settlement, its people, its laws, its customs,—study the history of the mother country?

English History, especially the earlier epochs, is of immense value in the study of the English language. Rather, I suppose, the language has helped in the sources and proofs of our knowledge of English History. But, knowing something of the history, we are better able to appreciate the language of the race.

In the grades, though not so much as in the High School, we take up the study of England's literature. For some of this work, a background of English History is indispensable. Even if this literature is not studied in the grammar school, in the High School it is usually begun before the English History.

Then, too, many—perhaps most—High Schools offer English History as an elective, say, in place of a language. Many who are not going to higher schools elect the language, and so have no school course in English history. Of my own class in High School, hardly a third studied English History.

There are a great many pupils, who, for various reasons, do not go beyond the ninth grade. Would not the history of a great nation like England add to their stock of general informa-

tion, to their general culture, as much as does the smattering of French or Latin?

It is not my intention to advocate the study of English History at the expense of any grammar school subject. Rather would I seek to make a place for it. Nearly every school has some hobby, which is impressed upon the minds of the pupils at whatever cost. Often this is the analysis of English sentences. The pupil must learn a carefully tabulated form, by means of which to pick to pieces nearly every sentence he meets. Of course, this has its value; chiefly, perhaps, in cultivating logical and orderly habits of mind.

Could not some of the time, now given to such specialties, be most profitably spent in reading history stories? Every child knows the "Cherry Tree Story,"—why not "King Alfred and the Cakes," and "The Legends of King Arthur?"

If English History stories were familiar, England would seem more closely allied to us, by reason of our long, common history.

It is true that my arguments are all for the affirmative; but how could it be otherwise? For I firmly believe that English History can and should be studied in the grades.

Astronomy

ASTRONOMY is the science which has to do with heavenly bodies, their appearances, their nature, and the laws governing their real and their apparent motions. It is the most ancient of the sciences depending upon observation and has always been the basis of geography, navigation, mathematics, and the group of sciences we call physics. Astronomy in the early days was so mixed up with all the affairs of life and contributed so much to religion, that we find in it the origin of several of our ideas and habits, which seem now to have no connection with the science.

Students have found astronomy a most fascinating study, full of mystery, of interest, and delight. Children find it so, too. They are bubbling over with questions about the sun, the moon, and those far off dots of light called stars. "What is the sun made of? What is the moon and what makes it shine? Why do we see the stars only when night comes?" They like to say,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

What is better in the winter time, when the birds, the leaves, and flowers are all gone, than to turn their attention to the vast field of sky-flowers overhead, "the forget-me-nots of the angels," Longfellow calls them, that "blossom silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven."

Children in the lower grades know the Big Dipper. Have them watch it night by night and see if they find it in the same place all through the year. They will be interested in the pointers, in finding the pole star, and learning how the Dipper swings about it. Then draw the big bear on the board putting the stars in for them, and tell them of the little bear and how the pole star is on the tip of his tail. They will want you to tell them about the bears and when they hear the story, Ursa Major and Ursa Minor will be old friends whom they never tire of looking at. Of course they will want to find other pictures in the sky and hear other stories.

Just what constellations to take up in the different grades depends upon the difficulty in finding them, whether they stand out clearly in the sky and what time at night they may be found; little folks go to bed early we must remember. The older children will ask why you cannot see the constellations until a certain time, why the stars seem to be moving night after night toward the west, why they appear to rise and set like the sun, if they are really little suns, what makes them twinkle, and why they sometimes shoot out of their places. The teacher must take the place of a book and by merely answering their questions and explaining the phenomena which have aroused their curiosity and interest, she teaches them astronomy.

Perhaps before the children begin to wonder about the stars they watch the moon. They are interested in the face of the full moon, in the horns of the crescent moon, and in the fact that they sometimes see the moon in the east, sometimes in the west, that it, too, seems to rise and set. Have them observe the moon until they know in what part of the sky to look for the full moon, for the new crescent, and the old crescent. Tell them about the old moon in the new moon's arms, about the Harvest moon and the Hunter's moon, and why they are so called. They will be surprised to know that there are mountains on the moon just as there are on the earth, and that they form the moon's "face."

We can see that astronomy will train the children to use their eyes. It should raise in their minds an improved state of moral sentiment and moral feeling. The more they find out about the heavens, the more they will want to know of its mysteries.

"Astronomy! Parent of Devotion, engage my midnight vigils,
Elevate my thought to contemplate thy vast realities;
Warm my soul with adoration pure, and fervent praise
To Him, whose finger fashioned yon revolving worlds."

E. C. K.

The Lady of the Portrait

IDLY turning the leaves of a magazine, I came upon a picture which arrested my attention, perhaps because it was so dark in coloring, but more, I think, because of the thoughts which the face of the portrait called up. It was the representation of a picture, taken probably in the seventeenth century, and portrayed a woman of great beauty. One could easily see, in looking at her dress, that she was a woman of wealth and her haughty attitude bespoke social position of no mean standing. But what attracted me most was the proud, arrogant look which marred the beautiful features of the picture. Haughtily, as if disdaining her present surroundings, she looked down on the every day world, her face sharply outlined against a coal-black background, partially formed by her large hat with its long waving plume. I pitied her, in spite of her attractiveness and evident power, and became so interested in the lady that I gradually lost my own surroundings and was in the world of the picture.

I found myself standing in a long picture gallery. Portraits looked down at me from both walls, haughty dames in rich dresses, proud gentlemen, who, in spite of their finery, looked ill at ease. All had the same stamp of breeding and arrogance which had marked the first picture I had seen, and before which I now was. As I stood looking at her, I thought, that, if these marks could be removed, what a lovable person she might have been.

Just then, I heard a door open at the end of the gallery, and a terror of being seen and summarily ejected seized me. I flattened myself against the wall as she came toward me, the lady of my picture. She did not seem to notice me, however, and, with

long train sweeping the floor behind her and almost brushing me, was about to go by, when some fancy caused her to pause before her own portrait. How like her it was! Every feature and trick of expression was pictured so vividly, when the comparison was made, that I almost gasped with wonder.

The lady seemed tired, though, a feeling not shown in the portrait, but this expression did not, for an instant, obliterate the harsh lines pride had traced in that otherwise handsome countenance. Again, a feeling of pity overcame me, but, just at that moment, a child's voice rang out somewhere beyond us, and, for a second time the door at the end of the gallery opened. Now, it admitted a tiny golden haired child, whom one could love at first sight.

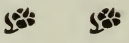
"Mother," she called as she ran down the long room.

I glanced at the woman, and my eyes rested upon her, so changed was she. The hard eyes were lighted by the divine light of mother love, every deep line carved by time and power was entirely softened, as the lady knelt with arms outstretched, all her being speaking with her tremulous lips, the whisper, "My darling!"

Gradually, my own surroundings came back to me, but, as if from afar, I heard the old words:

"And a little child shall lead them."

M. C. N.



Framingham Normal School

WHAT IT MAY DO FOR ITS STUDENTS.

"WHAT a fine view you have from this hill!" This is what the visitors to the Normal School say. Water, hills, woods, fields, houses, all these can be seen. It seems to be like the "city set on a hill that cannot be hid." No matter where we go for a walk we are sure to be able to see that green standpipe and many times it has saved us from being lost. But what can situation do toward bettering or lowering the school? It can do a great deal. We are where we can live near to nature. Mornings (usually in the winter) we can see the sun rise and, in

the evening, see the wonderful sunsets. We can see the trees just leafing out in numberless shades of green in the spring, and in the fall the wonderful foliage. All this should make us love nature if we never have before and when we can love nature, we can see beauty and good in other things.

We learn in the Normal School that we must not teach just for the renumeration we are to receive and usually teachers with that purpose do not make a success of their work. We should love the work and be willing to sacrifice other pleasures during the school term for it. We have a fine example of this self-sacrifice in the faculty. It is very easy to see that their hearts are in their work and that their work with the girls is the first consequence. If one-tenth of the valuable advice and suggestions given by them were put in practise in our schools next year, those schools would be better for our having taught there. It is not an interest in the school and its standing alone, but it is in the individual student. Great help comes from knowing such broad-minded men and women who aim at high ideals.

Each year we are in the school we come in contact with perhaps a hundred and fifty new girls. These girls have come from cities and towns and small villages in and out of Massachusetts. We do not become intimately acquainted with many outside of our own class perhaps. But among these girls there is a wide variety of interests and opinions. They have read a certain book and enjoyed it. Have you read that book? They have heard a new piece of music and are sure you would like it. Do try it? We must know something about the stories recently published, the new style dress and what is going on in order to understand what they are talking about.

We have the chance to attend so many fine lectures. One lecture helps one person where it might not another. We are becoming acquainted in this way with persons who are widely known and some day we may be glad to say we have heard such a one speak even if we remember only a point or two made in the lecture.

Father Pierce chose this motto for the school at its opening, "Live to the Truth." Truth involves so much that if we keep this motto, together with the strengthened character we have received here, with us as we go out into the world, we shall feel and others will know what Framingham Normal can do for its girls.

E. C. A.

Our Platform Exercises

I AM acquainted with a girl who is a student at the Worcester Normal School. Once, in my Junior year, when we were discussing and comparing our respective schools, she told me about exercises which they held there once a week in which the students, in turn, took part. She called these exercises "platform exercises." She pictured them so attractively that I began to wish that we, too, might have platform exercises, for naturally I wished our school to possess all the excellences of other Normal Schools,—and perhaps a few more. So when, at the end of the year, Miss Anna Moore announced to us that we were to hold similar exercises the following year I was greatly pleased.

We, as Seniors, were to be the first to take part, and the names of those who would speak on the first and second occasions were given out. Friday afternoons from five minutes of one to twenty-five minutes past was the time chosen for these exercises to take place; five were to take part each time; each one speaking five minutes.

We were allowed great freedom in the choice of subjects, the privilege to "talk about anything" being granted us. All through the long summer which intervened between our Junior and Senior years, I was constantly on the lookout for something interesting about which I might talk when my turn came. This purpose, I imagine, was also in the minds of the greater portion of my classmates.

Since I was in the A Division of the Senior class and consequently among the first to go out into practice school, for the first three months I was merely a visitor at these much talked of exercises. To say that I enjoyed them greatly does not exaggerate my feeling in regard to them, and I attended every Friday afternoon that it was possible. Each time there was the wondering what the different ones would talk about, the enjoyment of listening to them, and then the thinking, and sometimes the talking of them over afterward. I think all the girls did nobly; some whose subjects were not so interesting as others, made up for it by the manner of presentation. Such a variety of subjects as there were. Some told of places they had visited during the summer; some of industries they had visited; some of the girls visited other Normal Schools on purpose to tell us about them. In fact,

all the subjects seemed chosen with reference to what would interest us the most.

While we, the A Division, were in practice school the B and C Divisions had each taken part, so when we came back into the Normal Department it was our turn. We didn't all have a chance, however,—only as many as there was time for before Christmas, as it was decided that the Juniors should begin to take part when we came back from our Christmas vacation, beginning with the Household Art section. So ever since then we have been listening to them, and they have given us some very interesting as well as instructive half-hours.

To an outside observer the value of these platform exercises is not so apparent as it is to us. Almost every girl is diffident about addressing an audience, even if they are her own classmates, and each time she does go through this ordeal, she gains in self-confidence which is a necessary trait in one who intends to be a school teacher.

As yet, of course, we have only seen the beginning of what I hope will be many years of this kind of exercises. But I think I may safely say it is a very good beginning, and we have all learned the value of that. I hope to be able to revisit our school in a few years to compare the platform exercises then with our own efforts, and I hope, for the good of the school, to find that we are far outshone. For I do not think it will be to our discredit if such is the case. It was from crude beginnings that our nation has developed into what seems to us so near perfection.

A. A. D.

In the Realms of Music

FOR the past few years it has been the custom, in the musical period on Monday afternoons, to take up the lives and some of the most important works of our greatest composers. Last year we devoted four weeks to the study of each of the following composers:—Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann.

Both vocal and instrumental selections were given. The vocal selections included solos, duets, and choruses by the Glee Club. On several occasions violin pieces were played and the piano and pianola were used constantly. Each piece was played over several times, so that the students might become familiar with the principal themes.

This year, practically the same idea has been followed. A musical committee was chosen from the Seniors and Middle Juniors, which took charge of these Monday afternoon musicals. Mendelssohn was chosen as the first composer to be studied. This program covered four weeks. The first Monday, November eighteenth, was taken up by the reading of a paper on the life of Mendelssohn and the playing of some of his songs without words. The program was as follows:

PAPER ON MENDELSSOHN,
MISS LOUISE ORTON.

PIANO SOLOS—"Consolation," "Funeral March,"
MISS HELEN WALLACE.

BOAT SONG,
MISS COREY.

HUNTING SONG,
MISS O'BRIEN.

SPRING SONG,
MISS FANNIE HALL.

PIANO DUET—"Ruy Blas,"
MISSES CATHERINE KINGSLEY AND EDNA PARKER.

The paper on the life of Mendelssohn was written in a very interesting manner and very well rendered. It gave a short account of his life from a musical standpoint, mentioning the greatest works and giving a few explanatory words regarding each. This, in a way, prepared us for the selections following. To those who are familiar with the songs without words, each rendering is more enjoyable than the preceding one, as the hearer is better acquainted with the music; and it takes very little imagination to picture the scenes which accompany the songs.

The second program of Mendelssohn's music, on November twenty-fifth, consisted mostly of vocal selections with one violin solo.

PROGRAM.

VOCAL MUSIC—"I Would That My Love,
MRS. MCKEAN.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove,"
MISS LAURA PARKER.

"The First Violet,"
MISS BEATRICE UNDERWOOD.

"Wedding Song,"
MISS HARRIET COLLINS.

VIOLIN SOLO—Andante, from Concerto in E Minor,
MISS SPAULDING.

The above pieces strengthened our impressions as to the sweetness of Mendelssohn's melodies.

The program of December ninth was wholly pianola music, giving parts from his greater works.

PIANOLA—Prelude and Fugue in E Minor,

"Noctune," "Scherzo," "Wedding March," from *Mid-Summer Night's Dream.*

These being written on a much grander scale, are considerably more difficult to follow than the songs.

On December sixteenth, the final program on Mendelssohn was given. On this date we were fortunate in having Mrs. Bartlett with us to play some of the songs without words. Some of the preceding pieces were also repeated. Added to these were selections from the oratorios of "St. Paul" and "Elijah."

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS—"Song No. 1," "Spinning Song,"
MRS. BARTLETT.

ORATORIOS—"Jerusalem," from *St. Paul,*
MISS LITTLEFIELD.

"The Lord is Mindful of His Own," from *Elijah,*
MISS SLADEN.

Selections from "St. Paul" and "Elijah,"
MR. ARCHIBALD.

"How Lovely are Thy Messengers," from *Elijah,*
GLEE CLUB,

"Lift Thine Eyes," from *St. Paul,*
GLEE CLUB

The program on Mendelssohn, it is hoped, accomplished its object, namely, to give the school a chance to hear and become partially familiar with Mendelssohn's music in all its different forms and to create or increase a fondness for his music.

The next composer studied was Beethoven. As his work was on such a grand scale and most of his compositions are quite difficult, the pianola was made use of to quite an extent. The few piano solos and the violin solo were very good indeed and showed a great deal of study on the part of the player. On January thirteenth the following program was given:

PAPER ON BEETHOVEN,
MISS EDITH CHILDS.

SYMPHONY No. 2,
PIANOLA.

The paper on Beethoven was remarkably well written, giving a broad and comprehensive view of his life and most important works.

On January thirtieth, the second symphony was repeated on the pianola, in order that we might become better acquainted with the different movements. The pianola was made use of again on the next Monday when the Sonata Pathetique in C-sharp Minor was played.

The final Beethoven program on February third was as follows:

PIANO SOLOS—"Farewell to the Piano,"
MISS CATHERINE GOULD.

Sonata, Opus 14, No. 2,
MISS CATHERINE KINGSLEY.

VIOLIN SOLOS—Sonato, Opus 24, No. 5, "Scherzo," "Rondo,"
MISS SPAULDING.

The beautiful "Farewell to the Piano," so very pathetic, was played with a great deal of feeling.

The Beethoven programs have caused the school to feel as never before the grandeur and scope of Beethoven's music.

At the present time the school is making a study of Schumann. One program has been presented. A paper on the life of Schumann was read by Miss Jennie Washburn and one selection was played by Miss Catherine Gould. The next Schumann program is to consist of several selections by Mrs. Bartlett and solos by Mr. Archibald.

After the Schumann program, are to come a few lessons on Wagner. In this study a paper is to be read telling the story of the Rhein Gold, the Ring, the Valkyries, Siegfried, Brünnhilde and many others. After each part of the story has been read, the motif for that part will be played. In this way it is hoped that the students can get a better idea of the different ways of expressing emotions in music by means of different motives.

For the rest of the year, the musical course will be pursued as before. After a few more of the earlier and standard composers have been taken up, we are to have a few lessons on the modern composers.

It might be said in conclusion that the musical course has helped us to know the composers more intimately than we could otherwise have hoped to know them. The school feels that it owes hearty thanks to Mr. Archibald for the pleasure and instruction which he has given us in the musical course of which he is the author.

The Glee Club

The Glee Club of this school is an organization composed of twenty-four girls, who assemble once a week on Monday afternoons to sing for the enjoyment and the benefit of it. Under our faithful leader, Mr. Archibald, we could not help enjoying these afternoons, besides the great help they are to us. We take up songs from the very best composers, and we find that the singing of good music is very inspiring. Last year the Glee Club gave one concert, at which the principal number on the program was the cantata, "The Birth of the Opal."

This year the Club has been working on the Cantata, "King Rene's Daughter," which it intends to give in the afternoon of the ninth of March. At this concert they will also sing, "The Miller's Wooing," and "Birds in the Night."

The members of the Glee Club are as follows: Mr. Archibald, leader; Catherine Kingston, pianist; Martha Tower, secretary and treasurer; Jessica Haviland, conductor; Miss Bodwell, Miss Brown, Miss Burke, Miss Childs, Miss Claflin, Miss Corey, Miss Hall, Miss Hunt, Miss Huntington, Miss Littlefield, Miss Moses, Miss Edna Parker, Miss Laura Parker, Miss Patten, Miss Reardon, Miss Reed, Miss Richards, Miss Ritch, Miss Rourke, Miss Tillson, Miss Tracy, Miss Underwood.

School Life 1906-1907

October 12, 1906, the faculty of the Framingham Normal School gave the pupils an informal reception in May Hall from three until five o'clock. During the afternoon musical selections were rendered by Mr. Archibald, the music teacher of the school, and by Miss Isabel McNamara, a graduate of the school. There were also readings by Miss Pooler. A very enjoyable time was passed.

On the afternoon of November 22, promptly at three o'clock, a bevy of Juniors were gathered in the corridor outside of May Hall, anxiously waiting for some Senior to usher them into "Fairyland," for truly, May Hall

was a fairyland in comparison to its usual studious aspect. Not a single object in sight to remind one of work, and even the platform had been converted into a delightful resting place for the teachers. After each Junior was received she was quickly captured by some Senior for the grand march. It was at this dance that the Juniors were initiated for the first time into the "real" Virginia Reel and any girls who had been accustomed to reel slowly soon had to do otherwise. The time passed very rapidly and it was only too soon that we had to say "Good night," and thank the Seniors for the pleasant reception they had given us.

After several months of eager anticipation the longed-for day had at last arrived when the Juniors were to be hostesses for the first time. We had tried so hard to overlook no little detail in order that the event might be a successful one. Such a splendid time as we did have decorating the hall. Promptly at three o'clock all of the Juniors came in the south door of May Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Ordway, Miss Anna Moore, Miss Lamson and Miss Phillips received. Miss Bullard was the chairman of the ushers. Following are the list of ushers:

Miss Young, Miss Vibberts, Miss Walker, Miss Mainini, Miss Shepard, Miss Preble, Miss Loring, Miss Kehoe, Miss Cousens, Miss Lyman, Miss Bemis, Miss Fiske, Miss Noel, Miss Tuthill, Miss Saunders, Miss Morton, Miss Brown, Miss Ritch.

Oct. 22, 1906. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, chairman of the Board of Visitors, addressed the school.

Nov. 7, 1906. Miss A. Theodora Wall, class of 1883, talked on Life in Japan.

Nov. 12, 1906. Miss Lyman of Chicago, told stories to the school as they should be told to children.

Nov. 14, 1906. An entertainment was given to the school under the management of Miss Stella Smith, a member of the Senior class. The following programme was given:

Selection from "Capt. January"	Mabel Smith
Song	Miss Sladen and Miss Cary
Piano selection	Miss Brown
Piano selection	Miss Fiske
Mandolin	Dorothy Tuthill

Nov. 21, 1906. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells addressed the school.

Jan. 25, 1907. Mr. Herbert Luce, Superintendent of schools in Newport, R. I., talked on Appreciation of the Teacher.

Jan. 30, 1907. Mr. F. L. Burnham addressed the school.

Feb. 13, 1907. Dr. C. D. Tenney talked on Educational Reform in China.

Feb. 20, 1907. Dr. Johnstone of the School for Feeble Minded in Vineland, N. J., spoke on Training of Feeble Minded Children.

Feb. 27, 1907. The C Seniors, assisted by some members of H. A. Dept., gave "The Masque of Pandora," in celebration of Longfellow's 100th birthday. After the play the Glee Club sang "Psalm of Life."

March 6, 1907. Mr. George T. Fletcher, former agent of Board of Education, spoke on the Rural School.

March 20, 1907. Miss Helen Chandler, of India, spoke on the Educational System in India.

May 1, 1907. Rev. Thos. I. Gasson, president of Boston College, lectured on Joan of Arc.

May 15, 1907. Mr. A. J. Leach, of American Humane Society, addressed the school.

May 22, 1907. Miss Virginia E. Graeff spoke on relation of kindergarten to elementary schools.

1907-1908

The faculty entertained the students on Friday afternoon, October 11, 1907, at 3 o'clock. May Hall was daintily decorated for the occasion. The platform was covered with ferns and plants, and cosy seats were arranged about the hall.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells was present and assisted in receiving with Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Davis, Miss Nicholass, Miss Dale and Mr. Ketchum.

Music was furnished by an Italian trio, consisting of cello, violin and harp. The music was very fine and the trio made a picturesque group among the ferns and plants.

Coffee was poured by Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Emerson. Miss Malloy and Miss Winslow, Miss Ordway and Miss Stevens presided over the ice cream tables.

The faculty receptions are always much enjoyed. This year was no exception, for a pleasant afternoon was spent by all and everyone appreciated the efforts of the faculty.

On November 8, 1907, a reception was given the Juniors by the Seniors. The hall was prettily decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss French, Dr. and Mrs. Lambert, Miss Ordway and the class officers, Miss Lamson and Miss Phillips, received. The following ushers assisted: Jessica Haviland, chairman; Mabel Morton, Maud Tillson, Margaret Loring, Helen Young, Mabel Ritch, Eleanor Preble, Helen Lyman, Alice Bemis, Marion Bryant, Dorothy Clarke, Dorothy Tuthill, Martha Tower, Christine Moses, Edith Kendrick, Hazel Walker, Florine Vibberts, Claire Mainini, Theresa Killelea, Jennie Washburn, Louise Kingsbury, Marion Bullard and Glennah Shepherd. After the reception dancing was enjoyed until half past five.

It is a favorite joke of Mr. Whittemore's that each party is the very best we ever had. When, however, we come to a discussion of the Junior Reception everybody surely echoes his statement. We were invited to a Japanese tea and dance to be held January 28, 1908. May Hall was beautifully decorated with cherry blossoms and Japanese lanterns and fans. The design of the dance orders was Japanese in its simplicity and many of the Juniors were in Japanese costume. The receiving line consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Bennett, Mr. Howe, Miss Blickhahn and Miss Lee. For refreshments cold tea and rice cakes were served.

It was all delightful but the most original thing about it was the unique form of entertainment which was given at intermission. The central part

of the platform had been arranged as a Japanese interior. Here a Japanese wedding was acted out to the accompaniment of soft music. The first to enter were the groom's parents, then the bride's and then the bride and groom accompanied by the official matchmaker. These were followed by four bridesmaids. The ceremony is that of the acceptance of the bride into the groom's family. The preliminaries are somewhat lengthy, and it is not until the groom's mother offers the bride tea and she throws back her veil that the ceremony is completed. Then they have a very ceremonious tea drinking and the guests depart.

The whole scene was marked by exquisite grace and harmony of action.

On January 13 the school was invited to one of the much-enjoyed pianola parties. The party, which is an informal affair, commenced at 2.45 P. M. with dancing, which was enjoyed by all and lasted until 5 o'clock.

On Friday, February 7th, Mr. Whittemore gave the school a "Pianola Party." These parties are always informal and very pleasant. When the invitation to this particular party was read there was a great deal of speculation as to what it would be. The invitation read that we were invited to a "Peanut Pianola Party." Of course we all suspected and hoped that peanuts would be present in some form. Our curiosity was not satisfied until Friday afternoon at a quarter after three when we arrived at the Assembly Hall. There were dishes of peanuts on the platform and we were inivted to help ourselves. Mr. Whittemore played the pianola and we danced. At the intermission Mr. Whittemore announced that we would find bags of "sweets" in several of the rooms on the floor below. There was a rush downstairs by all the girls and some returned with one bag, others with two or three, and some even with four or five. These bags were filled with peanut taffy. We ate and talked for a while and then danced until five o'clock. Everyone enjoyed the afternoon and left with the wish that there might be another party soon.

The most brilliant affair of the Senior class was held Friday evening, February twenty-first, nineteen hundred and eight. The hall was decorated very prettily by the Junior class in orange which gave a pleasing effect.

At seven-thirty, the Ladies' Orchestra of four pieces from the Bostonian Orchestra, began to play. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Ireson, Miss Lamson, president of the class and Miss Phillips, secretary.

The ushers were: Glennah Shepard, chairman; Helen Lyman, Helen Young, Evelyn Cousins, Alice Bemis, Marion Bullard, Louise Kingsbury, Mabel Ritch, Eleanor Preble, Maud Tillson, Mabel White, Pauline Bodwell, Helen Cushman, Julia King, Claire Mainini, Elizabeth McClean, Mabel Morton, Anna Reed, Dorothy Tuthill, Hazel Walker, Caroline Dennis, Jennie Wheeler, Margaret Loring, Julia Fisher, Laura Arentzen. The reception lasted until eight o'clock, when dancing was enjoyed until eleven-thirty. Intermission was at ten o'clock, during which ices, punch and cake were served in Room 30. This was invitingly fitted with screens and drew the attention of many. There were cosy corners which belonged to Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Crocker and others. These were patronized very much, for they looked very inviting.

One of the most attractive rooms was number eighteen in which games, especially whist, was played. Also the reading room had games. These were certainly enjoyed and added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

The class can be congratulated on the success of the party, for everyone seemed to appreciate the work of the committees and all had a "good time."

Oct. 2, 1907. Mr. F. L. Burnham addressed the school.

Oct. 21, 1907. Mr. George H. Martin, secretary of the State Board of Education, spoke to the school on methods.

January 14th. Mr. Kempton gave a stereopticon lecture upon "Hiawatha" to the Normal and Practice Schools. The pictures had been taken of members of a camp of Objibway on Lake Michigan. The poem as interpreted by the slides was given a new meaning and interest to all of us. The children seemed to enjoy it with especial keenness. The slides were unusually good. The coloring of some of the sunrises and sunsets was wonderful.

December 11th, Miss Emily Poullson spoke to us upon "The Limitations of the Child." She dwelt particularly upon the physical limitations of the normal child living in a world fitted for adults. The whole lecture was an exposition of one phase of our familiar modern watchwords "Give the child a chance," and "The world is made up of individuals: therefore, we must reach individuals." We as school teachers of the future cannot fill our minds and hearts too full of such thoughts and aims as she expressed.

WHITTIER'S DAY, DECEMBER 17, 1907.

One day in November, in the C Division, English class, a chance reference was made to Whittier. The question arose as to the date of his birth; and when the fact that it was just one hundred years ago the following month was disclosed, it was proposed to celebrate the centennial. An executive committee was elected. After much thought and work the following program was prepared and given to the school. The division was assisted by Miss Florence Lucey of the Junior Regulars; Miss Phyllis Swasey of the H. A. Middle Juniors; and a small boy from the practice school.

Hymn	School
Whittier's Life	Miss Olive Phillips
Whittier Land	Miss Elizabeth Colman
Autograph Letter of Whittier's	Loaned by Miss Julia Sprague Written to Mrs. Edna D. Cheney Read by Miss Susie Sommerman
Passage from "Snowbound"	Miss Agnes Shannon
"Telling the Bees"	Miss Jane Wheeler
"Abraham Davenport"	Miss Edith Smith

TABLEAUX.

Barefoot Boy	Practice school boy
In School Days	Misses Tuthill and Swasey
Mary Garvin	Farmer: Miss Moynihan Dame: Miss Ruth Richardson Strangers: Miss Frances Way, Miss Mary Noel
Maud Muller	Miss Anna Reed
The Huskers	The C Division

Song—"Barbara Freitchie"
Solo: Miss Florence Lucey.
Chorus: Miss Lucey, Miss Claflin, Miss Moses, Miss Reed.
Brown of Ossawatomie
The Rendition — Miss Christine Moses
Laus Deo
My Psalm — Miss Ruth Sherman

Slides showing the Whittier Country explained by Miss Catherine Gould
Centennial Hymn — School

Accompanist — Miss Olive Phillips
Director — Miss Eva Smith

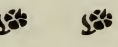
January 30, Miss Jane Brownlee addressed the school upon "Systematic Moral Training in the Schools."

Miss Brownlee is a great example of what we may do for ourselves and others by simply taking thought. Ten years ago she was an inconspicuous grammar school teacher in Toledo, Ohio. Now she is one of the prominent educators of the country.

As a teacher she became interested in psychology. She thought much about the relation of the school to the development of the child. Mental training has been the aim of the school for centuries, and physical training within the last few years, but there is no provision for moral training. Miss Brownlee has tried to fill in the gap.

Her method is this:—Five minutes a day are devoted to a discussion of the subjects for the month. The topic is developed by the skillful questioning of the teacher. The actual talking is done as far as possible by the pupils. They first learn of their body and its care; then of their mind and its training; and then of their real or moral life. One subject a month is taken—each week being devoted to some particular phase of the subject; for instance, obedience in the home, in the school, to the laws of health, to moral law. They are led to see the necessity and beauty of obedience and self control.

Of course, in any such system the teacher is the great factor.



Life at the Halls

The girls of the halls have both enjoyed and appreciated the receptions given by the churches.

In 1906 and 1907 the ladies of the Plymouth church gave many pleasant receptions, to which the girls were invited and which proved to be very pleasant gatherings. Some of these socials were given in the parlors of the church while others were held at the homes of some of the ladies.

During both of these years the ladies of the St. John's Guild of the

Episcopal church have given in the Guild room, receptions and teas which the girls have taken a great deal of pleasure in attending.

These functions have meant much to the girls who are away from home. The kindness of the ladies in remembering us in this way is highly appreciated.

LAWN PARTY TO SENIORS.

Just before graduation, last June, our class gave the Seniors a farewell lawn party. The campus was effectively decorated with strings of Japanese lanterns. Near the upper tennis court, a stage was constructed. At the ringing of Miss Stanley's huge dinner bell, the Seniors and guests flocked to a place reserved for them, in front of the stage.

Then Miss Gertrude Brown extended a hearty welcome to those present and explained to them that, owing to Mrs. Jarley's absence, she would endeavor to take her place. Miss Brown also explained to us, how Mrs. Jarley was formerly a Crocker Hall girl, and so she was doubly disappointed at not being able to be present.

Then followed some fun for all. Miss Brown introduced Mrs. Jarley's wax figures and described them in a most entertaining way. Considerable mirth prevailed when such figures as "Late for breakfast," "Country school-marm," "Child of the street," were brought in. The beautiful automatic warbling of the "Prima Donna" created great admiration. "The Twins" were well received and who could have found a better "Napoleon?" The two mighty attendants who brought these figures in on the truck, and lifted them off, so carefully, deserve a great deal of praise and commendation. There was great consternation when the "French Doll" and "The Mermaid" proved not to be entirely unwound and proceeded to dance at the wrong time.

Everyone could not help but hold their breath when the trim little maid —Hannah—began to dust the ferocious Blue Beard. After the exciting scene of the saving of John Smith by Pocahontus, the figures were carefully removed.

Then ices and light refreshments were served. After this everyone went to May Hall and enjoyed a pleasant pianola party.

All good times end—so did this one, but the Seniors had a "splendid time," so we Juniors were happy.

CROCKER

INITIATIONS

Remembering our experiences as Juniors, naturally, as Seniors, we wished to have some fun at another's expense; so shortly after school opened we planned to initiate the Juniors. Sharply on the strike of the nine o'clock bell, two or three of us, as the case needed, rushed into a Junior's room, quickly blindfolded the occupants, then rushed them out, and down into the Crocker basement. We took them into the laundry. What Junior does not remember trying to step over a pail of water without getting wet. Question: Was there a pail of water? Then we rushed them through the subway. Have you ever tried to hurry through a narrow passage in pitchy darkness? Any Junior will tell you how it feels. What fun it was to make our poor victim

climb imaginary stairs, and bump into posts where no posts were. After we had rushed them up and down corridors, and had introduced them in "blind" haste to Normal school life, we brought them back to Crocker. There we let them remove their bandages, and treated them to "light" refreshments, for were they not soon to retire for a night's rest?

Did you know that remarkable talent has been shown in the present Junior class. We Seniors unearthed several ambitious characters the night of their initiation. Each Junior was led blindfolded over the gymnasium. There each one entertained us with some feat, still with a bandage tightly folded over her eyes. There were two of remarkable artistic ability; several who, I am sure, have made the Glee Club. Do you remember that cake walk? Then the speeches! Who will ever forget the oration on "Woman in conjunction with the evolution of man." After each member of the class had fulfilled their duty, each was led back to Crocker, where bandages were removed, and refreshments served.

CHRISTMAS AT CKOCKER

The Christmas entertainments of nineteen hundred and six and nineteen hundred and seven were much alike.

In nineteen hundred and six "Santa Claus" was unable to be present so he sent his only daughter, "Miss Margaret Santa Claus," to distribute the presents.

In nineteen hundred and seven the girls chose a committee to have charge of the entertainment.

About two weeks before Christmas a bag was passed around at breakfast. Each girl and teacher drew some one's name. Then began the fun of buying "joke" presents for the person whose name you had drawn.

On the appointed day the doors of the front parlor were closed and the following sign was placed on the outside, "No Admittance."

At quarter of eight in the evening, the doors were thrown open and there in the corner stood the tree loaded with packages of all sizes and shapes. The door bell rang and "Miss Santa Claus" came in. She was cordially greeted by the girls and teachers. As her time was limited she had to begin at once to distribute the presents, all of which were good "hits" on the girls who received them. "Miss Santa Claus" had just finished when her father called for her. He shook hands with all present and after bidding them "Good night," escorted his daughter to his team that waited outside. All were then invited to the third floor to a progressive spread where they were served with sandwiches, dates, candy and lime juice from tables in front of various rooms.

HALLOWE'EN OCTOBER 31, 1906

On the night of October 31, 1906, the girls of Crocker Hall, gave a very pretty Masquerade Hallowe'en Party, to which the girls of Normal Hall were invited. The party was held in the basement of Crocker Hall. A mystic maze, full of imps and ghosts, was formed from the south basement door to the laundry, through which the guests entered. At the end of the maze was

a ghastly spectacle—the heads of three of Bluebeard's wives shown by a pale blue-green light. The victims were Mabel Turner, Olive Livermore and Marie Fiske. The next attraction was "The Witches' Cauldron," Margaret Loring (making as frightful a witch as ever terrorized old Salem), handed plain scraps of paper to the guests from her boiling cauldron, on which the possessor's fate would appear when the paper was held to the fire. Everything was done to make the party as weird as possible. In a gypsy tent fortunes were told by Carolyn Dennis. Everywhere the guests walked flames would spring up under their feet, the result of nitrogen iodide purposely put on the floor. Then regular Hallowe'en games were played. After the sports provided in the basement were exhausted, the party went over to the gymnasium where refreshments were served. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Everyone agreed that it was a most enjoyable party.

SATURDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS IN CROCKER

About March 1st, 1907, the Crocker girls were all divided into five committees, to arrange for entertainments to be given on alternate Saturday evenings.

The principal feature of the first one, on March 16th, was an album containing twenty-three characteristic scenes of Crocker Hall life in the form of tableaux. Between the scenes an orchestra composed of three combs, two curtain rods and a "kazoo," accompanied by the piano, rendered "Our Director," and other familiar tunes.

On April 13th, the entertainment took the form of a dramatic attempt, "The Blind Attachment" being successfully given. The various parts were taken by members of the committee.

A lively crowd of peanut hunters swarmed Crocker parlors on the evening of April 27th. After this violent exercise, instead of cooling down with a march as we do in the "Gym," everyone calmly studied numerous advertisements, two prizes being given for both contests. After this frappé and wafers were served in the dining room, which had been decorated for the occasion.

On May 11th, another play was given, entitled "Hiring Help," the costumes and language of the "maids" being exceedingly funny. This was followed by tableaux and readings and punch was served.

The gymnasium was the scene of the last entertainment, on May 25th, when "A Japanese Tragedy" was enacted by several young ladies, daintily gowned in flowered kimonas. The effect was emphasized by their mincing steps and coquettish fans. During the play one could hear the strains of a mandolin behind the scenes. Following this a Japanese Fan Drill was given and the evening ended with dancing.

It was the night of April 18, 1907. The "Senior *Man* Dance!" Confusion reigned in Crocker until the last Senior and her guest were safely over in May Hall. Then down the stairs came the restless Juniors. The house was ours and we were determined to do something, but as yet no action had been fully decided upon. After much thought and search the array of derby hats appealed to our cultivated taste. A bit of ribbon, a feather, a knot of red or yellow cheesecloth, with a scarf effect transformed those solemn hats into the most novel looking affairs and for once men's headgear was every bit as

gay as ours. Oh, if we could only have seen our creations, with the waving plumes and coquettish bows, upon their owners. But alas! that was a sight of which only our elder sisters had the privilege!

Before we returned upstairs, a young lady manufactured from a broom stick, with her name, Geraldine Farrah, pinned upon her, was the envy of all. She stood near the door gowned for a journey. A large hat covered her face and a long brown coat hid the slight figure.

Geraldine appeared to be waiting for her escort Chauncy Oilcloth, who had evidently become weary. He was seated in a chair large enough to hold two ordinary persons comfortably, but Chauncy filled it. He wore a long ulster with the collar turned up about his neck and a checkered cap trimmed with bands of red cheesecloth.

This pair seemed to have been enjoyed by the Seniors and their guests, if we may judge by the shouts of laughter which we heard later.

After playing a few more pranks upon the Seniors we went to sleep and dreamed of the time when we should have our party, and, it may seem strange, the Juniors were paragons!

One of the pleasant events of last year was an afternoon tea given by Miss Stanley to the girls of both Normal and Crocker Hall, on Wednesday, April eleventh. Miss Stanley and Miss Brush poured, assisted by the Misses Bassett, Tillson and Gerald.

NORMAL

OUR FIRST SPREAD.

It was our first night at "Old Normal" and every room was the scene of natural confusion, attendant upon unpacking. The inmates of one room were making an especial effort to get their trunks emptied and out of the way. These two were not newcomers and they had posted, on the usual bulletin board, a notice which read like this:—

"Everyone is invited to Room 8 tonight at eight o'clock. Each bring a glass."

This was a very pleasing summons to all, especially the Juniors, of whom there was a large number. It took away any chance for a touch of home-sickness they might feel at spending the evening separately in their, as yet, unadorned rooms. Promptly at eight o'clock Room 8 began to fill. Two couches, several chairs and many pillows on the floor were placed at the disposal of the guests as seats, and in a few minutes the room seemed crowded to those to whom most of the faces were unfamiliar. Some of the first impressions gained that night might be amusing if they could be recalled.

The hostesses were Gertrude Snow, then a very awe-inspiring Senior, clad in a fan-covered kimona, and Miss Leonard (later Florence) a Middle Junior, duly anxious for the welfare of the newcomers. Surely we all remember those pretty red stripes which we saw her wear then for the first, but not the last time.

The appearance, from some unseen place, of an immense white pitcher was the signal for all glasses to be held right side up. Following the pitcher

(rapidly emptied of its lemonade) came plates piled high with all sorts of good things to eat, from sandwiches to candy and often back again.

Under such a stimulus tongues began to loosen and the first stages of getting acquainted were well advanced before goodnights were said at the command of the half-past nine bell, which, before long became so tiresome to us all.

OUR INITIATION.

It was getting well along towards late fall and we Juniors were beginning to congratulate ourselves on being exempt from that vaguely dreaded, but always expected, ordeal—initiation. We must have neglected to rap on wood, however, for we were soon undeceived, being one day informed from the bulletin board that the Juniors were to be initiated the next night.

"All Juniors must be in their own rooms at seven o'clock sharp. Dress warmly." Such were the instructions given in that notice and many were the remarks they called forth. Why "dress warmly?" "They must be going to take us out of doors. Sure enough, we may have to cross 'Wiggly.' We'd better wear our 'gym' suits and sneakers." This advice was acted upon by many, and Seniors with Junior roommates were much amused at the precautions taken by the latter against all sorts of possibilities.

Finally the eventful hour arrived and those Seniors with Junior roommates left their cherished charges alone. When the seven o'clock bell rang there came a soft knock at each door and one or two Seniors (according to the number of Juniors in the room) entered. Each Junior was silently and swiftly blindfolded. Some Seniors were obliged to take two Juniors and they were sorely tried. Soon began a procession down both flights of stairs, of blindfolded Juniors, each guided by a Senior. As we came within sight of the lower hall we could feel Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Ruggles, Miss Dawson and Miss Winslow laughing at us. We felt foolish and bewildered. A few more steps and we were out on the piazza, our faces turned toward the north steps. Then, before we realized it, the blindfolds were off and we beheld, backed up to the steps, a great hay rack full of hay. It was intimated to us that we were expected to board this conveyance and we were not slow in doing so. There was not room enough for us all in one, but when this was filled another took its place. Miss Dawson in one hayrack acted as chaperon. When both were filled we started out past Crocker and down the hill.

Now it was dark and we were not, as yet, very familiar with the locality so we were not sure where we were going, but we were no longer fearful of consequences. The first thing we remembered afterward was the event of being weighed, horses and all, at the railroad crossing. This was quite interesting at the time, but we promptly forgot our weight. We rode in happiness for perhaps a half or three-quarters of an hour, during which time peanuts and fancy crackers were produced from somewhere among the Seniors.

At the end of this time we came to a sudden stop in front of what appeared to be a large white barn. The driver announced: "All out." There was nothing to do but obey and we, rather unwillingly, climbed down from our seats on the hay. Much wonderment was expressed as to what was coming

next. Some few surmised that the Seniors were going to make us walk back from there, doing stunts on the way. We saw, however, that the walk home was to be at least deferred, for we were told to follow one of the drivers, who proved to be the occupant of the house, which stood near the barn, as well as our host for the evening. When we came behind the house, we were introduced to some people who were waiting for us there, our leader's sister, a friend of hers, and two or three men. Conducted by this party, we proceeded to walk away from the house, through what looked like an apple orchard. We were full of curiosity, as we pushed aside the branches that came in our way, and it increased at every step. The lanterns, carried by the men, did not throw a very strong light and so we were surprised when we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of a large clearing. Proceeding a little further, we saw a large, rounded object, which loomed up against the sky. When we were near enough we knew that we were going to have a bonfire. Great was our joy, for who does not love a bonfire at night? It took but a moment for one of the men to kindle the pile in several places and in a short time the flames began to creep up the sides and the fire was well started. While we stood watching, some long rugs were produced and spread on the ground at a safe distance, for us to sit on. We watched the lively mass of flames, fascinated by the weird effect they produced against the blackness of the night. There was comparative silence for a time and then our host asked the chaperon for a number of girls to take part in a race. The girls were selected (supposedly good runners) and were instructed to travel to a stone-wall, not far away, and back again as fast as they could, without dropping the potato which they were to carry in a spoon. The winning girl was rewarded with a large, juicy pear. This was followed by other contests, which kept us laughing merrily. Meanwhile, great baskets of apples and pears were passed from one to another, adding to the general enjoyment.

At last, however, the brilliancy of the fire disappeared, and before long there was left only a black heap of cinders. Then we were told that it was time to leave this site and we were led back by the way we had come. Instead of getting at once into our chariots, as we expected to do, we were ushered into the barn, before which our horses had stopped. A large floor space was covered with rugs and we were invited to be seated thereon. We were then entertained by selections of poetry, recited with much feeling by our host. One selection in particular, interested us greatly. The name of it was "Mabel Martin" and it was partially dramatized with the help of one of our number, whose name and hair (golden) answered the requirements of the heroine.

After singing in concert, some familiar songs, we said "goodnight" to our kind entertainers and mounted to our lofty seats once more.

The horses' noses were turned homeward and on our way back we sang and star-gazed. We recognized the constellations which we knew, and admired the moon, which had risen high in the heavens. As we approached the Hall we quieted down, in consideration for the Crocker people, whose darkened windows spoke of peaceful slumberers within. The two hayracks were soon emptied and we all prepared to say "goodnight," when another surprise presented itself. Miss Dawson invited us all into the dining room to have a

cup of hot cocoa to prevent any colds from our chilly ride. The assembled company looked rather out of place, with their caps and sweaters and wraps of all sorts, which they had not stopped to remove. After washing our own cups and spoons, we said our final goodnights and separated.

The Juniors all decided that their initiation was a great improvement on the usual common methods of procedure. The event will prove to be one of the pleasantest memories of our life at Normal Hall.

HALLOWE'EN AT NORMAL.

As Hallowe'en, 1906, came in the middle of the week and we were expected to observe study hour, our regular celebration had to come a few days later. To our great surprise, however, Hallowe'en did not pass unnoticed. On the door of Room 19 all the evening there hung an *"Engaged"* sign and everybody wondered, for Louise and Pauline were not in the habit of hanging out an "engaged" sign. We all kept study hour peacefully but when the recreation bell rang the customary opening of doors was accompanied by bursts of laughter. Pauline and Louise, attired in negro costume were starting down the stairs with a huge bag between them.

After they had gathered all the inmates of the house, which was not very hard to do, we all assembled in Grace's room where Louise and Pauline distributed bags containing doughnuts, peanuts, dates and candy. On the peanuts, a piece of paper was tied containing the fortune of the receiver. When everybody had received a bag the merry company proceeded to Room 15, where Polly and Edith had also prepared a pleasant surprise. Games were played during which refreshments of candy, nuts, and fancy crackers were served, and the Hall yells given in all their glory. At 9.30 the fun stopped and we departed to our own rooms in the best of spirits.

EVENINGS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

The last few Saturday evenings before Christmas, 1906, were spent by the girls sewing; making Christmas gifts. The last Saturday evening Mrs. Whittemore very kindly offered us the use of her parlor to sew in. A large roaring fire was burning in the fireplace making everyone comfortable and a large basket of rosy red apples was placed in the centre of the room for everyone to partake of. Miss Dawson read to the girls some very interesting Christmas stories, and just before retiring Mrs. Whittemore served us hot chocolate.

A CHRISTMAS TREE AT NORMAL HALL.

It was Thursday, December 20, 1906, the night before we went away for the Christmas vacation. At eight o'clock a bell rang loudly through the hall and a moment later there was a line of girls descending the stairs on either side.

Soon they were all seated around the room in front of a Christmas tree. The tree was decorated with popcorn and laden with curiously shaped bundles large and small and red apples hanging from every branch.

Mr. Whittemore acted as Santa Claus and gave out the packages all of which contained a joke on the receiver.

Then came the apples labeled with a quotation. The quotations when read, proved to be a characteristic expression of some member of the family who was then obliged to come forward to claim her own.

After partaking of light refreshments the party dispersed.

SATURDAY EVENINGS.

After the New Year, 1907, began, a number of Saturday evenings were spent by the girls in a social way. One evening we had a candy pull in the laundry and who was there who did not have a blister the next day? The good time was worth the blister.

Another evening we made popcorn balls; and everybody loves popcorn balls.

And another evening we had a peanut hunt. We have always wondered who found the greatest number of peanuts.

VALENTINE TEA.

On Thursday afternoon, February fourteenth, in our Junior year, Normal gave a Valentine Tea to the teachers and girls of Crocker.

Festoons of different sized red hearts, and red carnations decorated the parlors and hall of Normal.

Tea was served by Mrs. Whittemore in the reception parlor; by Miss Dawson in the hall; and by Grace Blood, then a Middle Junior, in the students' parlor. Crackers and bonbons were also passed with the tea, by several of the girls who acted as waitresses.

After the Crocker Hall family had all arrived, a large "mail box" was opened in the hall, and found to contain missives for each member of the family, and amid much laughter, the contents were distributed to their various destined owners, opened and found to be valentines with appropriate verses.

During the afternoon, Catherine Kingsley, our pianist, played and Laura Arentzen sang a solo.

We spent a very pleasant afternoon with our friends from Crocker and were sorry when gradually they put on their wraps and left us alone.

After our last guest had departed we found there was yet some time before dinner and all joined in singing college songs, until the bell called us to the dining room.

A DANCE.

One Saturday evening, Louise Kingsbury and Pauline Vernon gave a dance in the gymnasium in honor of a visiting friend. Very pretty dance orders had been made and all had an enjoyable time. After the dance we were all invited to Louise's and Pauline's room, where everybody was given a stick of candy and a lemon to enjoy. One of the girls took a picture of the party and we were sorry to find out that it was not a good picture.

THE JUNIOR SIDE OF THE "MAN-DANCE."

The "man-dance"—so all important to the Seniors—was no less an important event to us as Juniors. The interest began when every room was made bare and desolate of pillows, ferns, couch-covers, banners, and other accessories which make life comfortable, that the dance hall might be adorned in a manner befitting the great occasion. One room was especially bereft, for, along with its quota of other things, the mirror had been spirited away that the train girls might have opportunity to arrange their hair and fasten their belts.

This early interest, however, was nothing in comparison with the whirl of excitement which prevailed immediately after dinner. The different Seniors must be robed before half-past seven, and downstairs two Juniors disguised as maids waited for the bell to ring. What emotion did they feel when the expected peal came at last and the door opened to admit—not one but three —young gentlemen. In a short time the fair Seniors had all departed and Juniors reigned supreme in Normal Hall. The parlor became the scene of a gay carnival. A suitcase was put out of sight, coats were turned wrong-side out, and derby hats were so placed as to escape the glances of the owners later in the evening. The corridor on the second floor now became the stage of action and Miss Dawson produced a gas stove upon which fudge was soon in the process of making. This finished and partly disposed of, the hour was already late and we were warned that lights should be out. Nearly all congregated a little later, however, in a room looking toward the school and stage whispers were in order until the first signs were seen of returning dancers. Instantly all was confusion again. Smothered ejaculations were heard below from owners of hidden wearing apparel, and then hurried footsteps were heard outside as the belated unfortunate tried to get the last car for South Framingham and the Kendall. After the dance had been talked over and pronounced the finest affair of its kind in the history of the school, order began to resolve itself from chaos, and once more quiet reigned supreme.

THE INITIATION.

On September 27, 1907, the Seniors initiated the Juniors, twenty-three Seniors to seven Juniors. The odds were great, and the Juniors submitted meekly, all but the valiant secretary of the Junior class. First the victims were blindfolded and led by devious ways into the laundry. Here their protesting fingers were dipped first into molasses and then into feathers. It was a sticky mess, especially when the valiant secretary began to wave her bedaubed hands in air, and the alarmed Seniors began to sidestep. Next everybody went upstairs and a spread was in order. Then the Juniors were called upon for speeches, the subjects being supplied, as "My Senior Crush," "Baled Hay and Sour Milk," "Musical Instruments," "The Truth About My Roommate," etc. It was very interesting to see the Juniors loom up, one by one, on the table and try to think of something to say. It was still more interesting to see Mabel Ritch loom up,—she had zealously initiated and had not expected to be initiated in her turn. When it was over, the Juniors said they enjoyed it,—we trust they did.

IN the spring, the Juniors decided to give some kind of a party for the Seniors. After some discussion, a serenade was determined upon. For each of the eight Seniors and three Middle Juniors, an appropriate song was composed and set to some familiar air.

On the evening of June thirteenth, just before nine, the Juniors, arrayed in all sorts of grotesque costumes, assembled on the lawn in front of the house. When the bell rang, the musical instruments,—combs and funnels, and a washboard violin,—were tuned, and led by Mabel White the "orchestra" played "Fair Harvard." Then the orchestra became a chorus and sang "Fair Seniors."

Fair Seniors, we Juniors regard through our tears
Your departure to south and to north;
But before the last whistle of engine we hear,
Let us tell of our love of your worth.
We'll see you no more; no doubt you don't mind,—
But, consider, in old Normal Hall,
No longer your voices with ours will combine,
No more will you hear when we call.

No longer, in dread at the thought of your might,
Will we tremble, and haste to obey;
But in brave imitation we'll seek to affright
The Juniors we'll see every day.
Then here's to '07 of old Normal Hall,
You're happy, your honors are won;
So come out this evening at our urgent call,
'08 girls will give you some fun.

When the Seniors had assembled on the veranda, the songs were sung. The whole party was much amused at some of the hits.

Orange sherbet and fancy crackers were served on the veranda; after which the party adjourned to the parlor. There, by special request, the songs were repeated.

The party was in charge of a committee of which Louise Kingsbury was chairman.

THEATER PARTIES.

A few evenings, the girls have formed parties and have attended a number of plays at the Gorman Theatre, South Framingham. We have seen very enjoyable plays and have had very pleasant times.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On the night of November 1, 1907, a very delightful Hallowe'en Party was given to Crocker by the Normal Hall girls in May Hall. The first part of the evening was taken up by a scene, "Pyramus and Thisbe," from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After this came a ghost walk, in which " The Battle of Blenheim" and "John Brown's Body," were adapted to give a truly ghostly atmosphere.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, through the kindness of Mr. Whittemore and his son, who played the pianola.

During the evening appropriate cards were given as favors. Corn cakes and cider were served as refreshments.

The cast in "Pyramus and Thisbe" was as follows:—

Prologue .....Alice Bemis
Pyramus.....Mabel Ritch
Thisbe .....Evelyn Cousens
The Wall.....Marion Jones
Lion .....Annie Lee
Moonshine .....Grace Caverly

HARVARD AND YALE NORMAL DINNER PARTIES.

The enthusiasm which attended the Yale-Harvard football game at the Stadium was reflected at the Yale-Harvard dinner parties given at Normal Hall on the evening of November 23, 1907.

The tables were appropriately decked in crimson and blue with banners and streamers, making a very pretty appearance. After the score was learned the Yale dinner party cheered for the victorious team.

The parlors of the Hall were trimmed with Yale and Harvard posters, banners and pillows.

In the evening, Normal and Crocker Halls united in a very enjoyable dance given in May Hall.

SANTA CLAUS VISITS NORMAL HALL.

In the year 1907 Santa Claus was obliged to come to Normal Hall on December 19th. The girls were expecting Christmas to begin early that year, and on the evening of December 19th, they gathered in the parlor. They found a tree decorated and laden to overflowing with presents. After they were all seated there was a look of inquiry on every face; for Mr. Whittemore was unable to be there and every one wondered who would give out the presents.

The suspense was not long, however, for "Santa Claus" came running in with a merry greeting to all. The room was scanned to see who was missing and as Louise Kingsbury could not be seen anywhere, everybody agreed that she must be assisting Santa Claus that evening.

Then came the presents and the merriment following the opening of each package, for each one recalled some unfortunate mistake or joke on the receiver.

One, so called unsympathetic member received a large red heart which was warranted to work wonders. This same young lady, owing to her fondness for children, was the happy possessor of several dolls at the end of the evening.

Two ladies blushingly received solitaires which they immediately put on to show the less fortunate young ladies.

You will all remember a certain Junior and Senior who received duplicates, mostly household articles, as spoons and lemons.

Two veterans of oversleeping were given clocks as a gentle reminder that breakfast was at 7.15 A. M.

There were goats and a donkey as well as a cart, all of which brought forth peals of laughter when the point was explained.

Miss Dawson was presented with a small blue shoe in which stood several small dolls. Who would not feel like the "Old Woman who lived in the Shoe" if she had thirty girls?

After the presents had been opened and examined everybody received apples and corn cakes for refreshments.

During the evening Santa Claus' daughter, alias Margaret Loring, paid a short call to "Santa Claus" and the assembled party.

CARD PARTY.

One Saturday evening the girls who did not go home that week held a card party in the parlor. Hearts and whist were played. A few of the girls were hypnotized by the other girls; and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

A WEEK OF MYSTERIES.

The week of February 3rd, 1908, will be remembered by the Normal girls as a "Week of Mysteries." Between the hour of 9 and 9.30 on Monday evening, all were summoned to Edna's and Clara's room, where they, with Florine and Helen Welch had arranged many "stunts" for the girls. We will not forget how Grace Blood threaded the needle, nor how Florence and Dorothy, after much difficulty, lit the candle, nor how Helen White was "bitten" trying to get the quarter which was pinned on the wall.

Tuesday evening all were invited to Room 19, where Grace Caverly and Polly, with Ruth and Teresa had arranged "stunts" for that evening's half hour. Avis had her fortune told; and how strange she looked when she found out how many years it was her fate to teach school. Then we remember how "graceful" some of the girls looked, who had to pick a pin off the back of a chair with their teeth.

Wednesday evening, "stunts" were performed in Catherine's and Vesta's room. Avis and Edith helped them. Two of the girls had to "bob" for apples. The apples looked so rosy and juicy that one girl took a large bite and behold, the apples had been highly seasoned with pepper. Then everybody enjoyed the whistle game, especially as the others could hit the poor victims.

The next evening Mabel White, Alice, Evelyn and Eleanor were the hostesses in Room 20. Their "stunts" were mostly with peanuts. A peanut race was held where the "choosing ones" had to push the peanuts along the floor with their noses. We also found out who was the quickest at eating peanuts.

A VALENTINE PARTY.

On Friday evening, February 14th, 1908, from 7.45—9.30 o'clock, a valentine party was given in the nursery (corridor on second floor) by Dorothea Edythe Smythe (Florence Leonard) to the children (?) of Normal Hall. All the children were called for by the nurse (Grace Porter) and Cupid (Grace Caverly) with Cupid's little cart. Among those present were the twins, Florabel (Eleanor) and Adabel (Mabel Ritch); Hans (Louise) and his sister, Gretchen (Grace Blood); Johnny Jones and his sister Sue (Teresa and Ruth) with the peach of emerald hue, and Kornelia Korn Kinks (Helen White) with two sisters and others.

Games suitable for children were played the entire evening and just before it was time to go home, refreshments were served in Dorothea Edythe's room. The refreshments were appropriate, corn cakes, pickles with sticks of candy in them, and little hearts with nice verses on them. Also everybody received a very pretty valentine. Soon it was time to go and all thanked Dorothea for the pleasant time they had had.

An A, B, C of Athletics

A stands for athletics, the main topic of all;
B is for base, basket and all kinds of ball.
C stands for contests, in everything friendly;
D the defeat, to some, the sad ending.
E is for everyone, stout, slim, fair or pale;
F is for the fame we all seek without fail.
G means the girls who help with their cheering;
H is the heat, which at times seems most jeering.
I is the importance we should attach to our play;
J is the joy we should get in this way.
K stands for the kodak, oft seen on the field;
L the laughter when the shots are revealed.
M are the mistakes which all of us make;
N in N. B., tells the course the games take.
O an ejaculation sometimes heard at a game;
P the play which is the cause of the same.
Q are the qualms on some points in these tests;
R is for the referee, who must set these at rest.
S are the seasons determining the sports;
T is the tennis, the most popular in its course.
U is the uncertainty of conquest for our side;
V is the victory, to whom it goes, Time decides.
W is the weather which may hinder our plans;
X is the exercise then lost on all hands.
Y is youth that gives us love for it all;
Z stands for zeal, the result of youth's call.

The Gymnasium

The gymnasium is a place in which we Juniors went to drown our sorrows. Here, in the long, high room, well lighted by windows, and fitted up with various kinds of apparatus, we worked under Miss Bennett's instruction. Our first work, when the cold weather prevented outdoor sports, consisted entirely of floor exercises. They were simple, but many of us found them difficult enough until we learned that the order "right face" meant right and not left and vice versa. When we failed to respond to the orders and were questioned on account of such feelings, the reasons were "Physics" or "Mineralogy."

After some time we were introduced to more complicated exercises and also to apparatus work. This meant work with the boom, and climbing and swinging on the ropes, jumping, crawling through the horizontal and vertical ladder, walking on balance beams, and other equally interesting exercises. Some of us, on account of our weight, could only hang in mid-air from the boom and gasp while our lighter classmates swung across and gave a "perfect landing." We heard of the wonderful escapes that were made from buildings by people who could slide down ropes and it was said that everyone must perform the feat before the end of the Junior year, but it is known that one girl never did it.

Toward the end of our Junior year, we began our troubles. To teach gymnastics! Who had ever dreamed that there was a reason for "heels raise" coming before "left forward—fall out" and from that day we watched all commands carefully. Only a few had the privilege of teaching but it was said one had a queer feeling when she forgot the order "about march" and the class came nearer and nearer.

In our Senior year we began about where we left off in June. The teaching lessons grew more difficult when we were told that no day's orders could be repeated. Then we began our work in fancy dancing. This was to give us grace and poise. As if we needed it!

Part of the time in the latter half of the academic course was devoted to emergencies which we hope we may put into practice without reference to our note books.

May all the classes that follow us have as much pleasure and fun in this department as we Seniors have had.

VIEW IN GROUNDS—LUCRETIA CROCKER HALL

Athletic Events

TENNIS.

Perhaps the most popular of our sports at Framingham is tennis. The school is equipped with two very good courts—one back of Normal Hall and the other across the street.

If anyone should happen down in the basement on nearly any morning, when tennis is in vogue, it is no uncommon sight to see girls "fifteen deep" waiting in line for half-past eight to come so that they may engage a court. Then, too, early in the morning, the Crocker and Normal girls are often seen with tennis rackets over their shoulders wending their way through the dewy grass for a game before breakfast. Some think that it is the best thing to give an appetite.

It is one of the duties of the Seniors to enlighten the Juniors who have not played, as to the mysteries of the game. As a rule it does not take them long to learn that the object of the game is to get the ball over the net and that love means nothing. After a time they cease giving sky rockets which land either in the forest or in the corn field, perhaps never to be found again, and standing firmly behind the tape serve balls which just skim the net. When they reach this stage, they are indeed a joy to their instructors.

As an incentive to tennis playing, there is a tournament each year which many enter, both for singles and doubles, with equal enthusiasm.

FIELD HOCKEY.

The hockey field is south of the school buliding on the opposite side of the road. This field does not belong to the school but the owner kindly allows the school to use it.

Field hockey was one of the favorite autumn sports of the present Senior class in the autumn of 1906. A majority of the class entered into this with a great deal of enthusiasm and as soon as the weather permitted practice was carried on two or three afternoons a week.

On October 16, all the Juniors interested in hockey met and elected Ruth Richardson as Captain, with Helen Cushman and Mary Noel as her assistants.

Four match games were played before the season ended. The Junior regulars played against the Seniors and were defeated. The A division of the Junior regulars played against the C Junior regulars and then the winners, which were the A division, played against the B division. Again the A's were victorious and prepared for a final game with the Household Arts Juniors. This game was played on Tuesday, November 27th, and was a very even game, the score being 3—3.

The regular Junior team was as follows: Margaret Connors, centre forward; Mary Noel, left inside (forward); Helen Moynihan, left wing (forward); Frances Way, right inside (forward); Teresa Costello, right wing (forward); Ruth Richardson, centre half back; Clara Emerson, right half back; Susie Sommoman, left half back; Sylvia Claflin, left full back; Josephine Fisher, right full back; Elizabeth Creedan, goal.

In 1907, Margaret Loring was appointed Captain, with Clara Emerson as her assistant, but as the Senior class was so divided, one division being in the practice school, it was impossible to have a team. The Juniors however enjoyed this sport very much and played three or four match games.

BASKET BALL OF 1906—1907.

When we were Juniors and could no longer get out of doors for hockey, tennis, tether ball, we hailed basket ball with delight. There were some star players from high schools and some who quickly proved to be stars. There were practice games in the gymnasium periods and in the afternoons, but the special feature was evening practice games by the girls of Crocker and Normal Halls. These were from nine to half-past, after study hour. What a relief to throw down the "Walter method" or the "circumpolar whirl" and to go over to the "gym" and have a good rousing game of basket ball!

The captain of the Junior team was elected in Normal Hall and Teresa Costello held this position for the year.

There were many games in this year which the girls entered into with great zeal. First of all, early in the fall, was the Harvard-Yale game. This was participated in by a few of our members but mostly by Seniors as you must remember we were only Juniors, then. The Yale side was victorious. This game gave us a good idea of how basket ball should be played in Framingham Normal, as we come from high schools with varied and sundry ways of playing the game.

The next game was between the B division of our class and the second team of the high school. The Normalites won the game by eight points. Elated by success, another game was arranged between the B Seniors and the first team of the high school. The result was a tie.

Fat and slim game. Anyone who witnessed this game will appreciate a mention of it. Imagine a lineup composed of our fattest and leanest. I can see in my mind's eye Martha Tower and Gertrude Brown standing or jumping together. The girls were chosen more according to their build than to their prowess in basket ball, but this made it all the more amusing. Recollections of the points made are rather hazy; but who could think of the score when G. Brown was the hero of the hour as jumping center? G. certainly found her vocation that day.

The game was exciting—yes to the risibilities; and the thins won, to be sure, but the fats were not far behind. Then, you know, they had somewhat the disadvantage on account of their rotundity.

Senior-Junior Game, 21-4. Lineup.

Senior		Junior
E. Brewster, Capt.	F.	T. Costello, Capt.
C. Dennis	F.	M. White
F. Thorn	G.	O. Phillips
M. O'Brien	G.	H. Lyman
M. Whitney	J. C.	A. Reed
E. Glover	C.	Julia Fisher

Referee—Miss Bennett.

This was the grand finale of the basket ball season. A short time before the game, the Junior team was chosen by vote by the basket ball playing girls of Normal and Crocker. It was with much fear and trembling that we looked forward to this game. No one can say that the Juniors did not make a good fight but nevertheless the score piled up for the Seniors and when the first whistle blew the score read 21—4 in favor of the Seniors.

The game was very exciting and drew a large crowd. There was much enthusiasm which was shown by the songs and cheers of both Seniors and Juniors.

A short time before school closed Ethel Brewster, captain, called a meeting of the Crocker Hall girls together to choose a captain for the following year. Olive Phillips was elected and to her, Miss Brewster turned over the large Crocker banner which the captain of the hall holds during the year. This banner now graces Olive's room.

"TAG TEAM."

A special feature of the outdoor games was the "tag team," organized by the three most promising athletes of the C division.

Their abilities were better shown in running than in playing baseball.

They were often seen practicing on the track around Crocker Hall or on the road to the hockey field.

Owing to a slight ailment of the vice president they could not take part in the exercises on field day, to the great disappointment of many.

The officers were: Catherine Gould, president; Frances Way, vice president; Dorothy Tuthill, secretary and treasurer.

BASEBALL.

Before the fall of 1907, Boston ball was one of the chief autumn sports of the school. This game is much like baseball minus the bat. The ball, however, would make three of a baseball and is quite soft especially when the game is played after a rain.

The fall of 1907 found the faculty converted to the game of baseball for girls. Oh what joy!—a real bat and a ball the same size, if not as hard as a baseball. The field near the tennis court, behind Normal Hall was used as the baseball diamond. There were revealed the mysteries of the game. It took some time for the girls to understand just when, and when

not to run and when to "steal a base." There was enthusiasm from the first. It was such fun to wield the bat and if one could only catch a foul on the fly! Miss Bennett became much interested in the game and was often seen on the field as a player.

A great factor in the success of the game was the aid which Mr. Donald McCormick gave us by acting as coach.

When the girls understood the game and what a "home run" meant for the score, the B and C Regulars chose their captains and nines from the divisions. Claire Mainini was captain for the B's and Olive Phillips for the C's. The teams were:

B DIVISION.

Julia Fleming, catcher; Capt. Claire Mainini, pitcher; Elizabeth McLean, first base; Julia King, second base; Cora Morse, short stop; Edith Lamont, third base; Josephine Fisher, left field; Julia Lewis, centre field; Rose King, right field.

C DIVISION.

Helen Moynihan, catcher; Anna Reed, pitcher; Capt. Olive Phillips, first base; Glennah Shepard, second base; Christine Moses, short stop; Jennie Wheeler, third base; Mary Noel, left field; Eva Smith, centre field; Sylvia Claflin, right field.

There was a match game between the B and C divisions in which both nines showed good training. The B division was victorious and later played the Household Artists Middle Juniors on field day.

FIELD DAY.

It was one of those cold October days of 1907, but nevertheless it was Field Day at the Framingham Normal.

Preparations had been going on since early in September for this occasion. There was practice in field hockey for weeks by the divisions of both classes. There were tennis tournaments from sunrise to sunset by those who could and couldn't play well. Finally, Clara Emerson, Marion Kingsbury and Anna Reed and Louise Kingsbury were left to play together. The result was that Anna and Marion played the finals on field day.

There was baseball practice in all the gymnasium periods. One afternoon the C Seniors played the B. Seniors and were defeated so the Middle Juniors were to play the B Seniors on field day. Baseball being the sport latest introduced at Framingham, was of course the most interesting and exciting, so everyone was impatient to see what would happen.

Field hockey was the first thing on the program. The H. A. Juniors played well but were defeated by the Junior Regulars who played better. This happened just in time to save the spectators from freezing, as the hockey field is not heated.

The audience then proceeded to the baseball field, ready to see some great runs made. The girls were as professional as possible, they were even obliged to chew gum in order to keep their nerves in proper condition. The comical smiles which came on the faces of the men of the faculty as they watched the home-runs, which of course were seldom, did not appear to frighten the girls to any great extent. Sally Kehoe had assured us for some weeks that she would surely slide a base and we watched with eager eyes for Sally to appear armed with a bat. And she slid the base gloriously but in spite of her attempt to cover the H. A.'s with glory the game was won by the B Seniors.

The Regulars were by this time getting puffed up with pride at their girls. The last feature was the tennis tournament. It was very interesting but very cold. The umpire was brilliantly arrayed in all sorts of garments to keep out the cold. About sunset Anna succeeded in gaining the victory and the girls of the Regular Department were justly gratified.

BASKET BALL OF 1907—1908.

Harvard-Yale Game, 16-3.

Great were the surmises and expectations as to the outcome of the football game between Harvard and Yale which was scheduled for Saturday, November 23rd. What could we do to show our appreciation of this contest? It was decided to have a basket ball game on Tuesday afternoon, November 19th. Miss Bennett appointed two girls from the B division as captains. They were "Joe" Fisher and Claire Mainini. Then such a scramble for the best players of the school by both captains. The lineup proved to be:

Harvard		Yale
C. Mainini, Capt.	F.	Joe Fisher, Capt.
H. Moynihan	F.	A. Reed
M. Connors	G.	O. Phillips
E. Lamont	G.	M. Brooks
C. Moses	J. C.	T. Costello
Julia King	S. C.	S. Robbins

Referee—Miss Bennett.

The scene of the fray was the "Gym" and the ladder, the stall-bars and baskets presented a fine show of blue and crimson. Banners, posters and pillows were much in evidence—each side trying to outdo the other. Altitude seemed to be desired, so someone conceived the brilliant idea of tying a Yale poster to the window curtain and lo! when the curtain went up, there was a Yale man swinging high above one of the baskets.

The game attracted a large audience and perhaps none were so vitally interested as the small practice school boys who were invited to come. Perhaps, who knows, they had dreams of sometime participating in a real Harvard-Yale game.

The teams were evenly matched and showed some pretty playing. Who would win? that was the question. For a time it looked doubtful. The

onlookers cheered and clapped as some one distinguished herself on either side and the "Gym" rang with "Fair Harvard" and "Yale Boola's." After the first half there was little doubt as to the result. Perhaps it was prophetic of the varsity game—however, the score at the end of the game was 16-3 in favor of Yale.

There was much rejoicing among the wearers of the blue and the Harvard girls said that Yale would not always win.

On the day of the football game between Harvard and Yale, the Crocker girls spent most of the morning in decorating the parlors. The front parlor was very effective in red while the back parlor presented a brave show of Yale's emblems. On that evening there were two dinner parties—one by Yale's admirers and the other by Harvard's. By this time the score of the game was known and the "Yale" girls said: "We decided that last Tuesday." Thus ended the Harvard-Yale game.

First A-C Game. 8-6. Lineup.

A Division		C Division
T. Costello	F.	A. Reed
S. Arentzen	F.	M. Noel
E. Curran	G.	O. Phillips
P. Casey	G.	F. Way
G. Conway	J. C.	S. Claflin
A. Drawbridge	S. C.	R. Sherman

Referee—Miss Bennett.

The A division of the Senior Regulars challenged the C division to a match game of basket ball, to be played in the gymnasium on the afternoon of January 2st. Although the game abounded in fouls, it was very close, the C's winning by only two points—the score being 8 to 6.

Second A-C Game. 29-16. Lineup.

A Division		C Division
T. Costello	F.	A. Reed
S. Arentzen	F.	H. Moynihan
C. Dennis	G.	O. Phillips
M. Callahan	G.	F. Way
G. Conway	J. C.	C. Moses
P. Bodwell	S. C.	M. Noel

Referee—Miss Bennett.

After some practice, the A division, feeling in better trim, again challenged the C's for a game on February 10th. This game was well attended and was exceedingly close at the start. One of the features of the game was Helen Moynihan's slanting throws. The score ran quite high and at the end, the score was 29 to 16, in favor of the C division.

School Notes

SYNOPSIS OF MINERALOGY COURSE.

The minerals lie within the ground.
Water action makes them round;
Heat action makes them brown;
Pressure action makes them sound;
Volcanic action makes them bound.
By Dr. Lambert they are found;
Their history he doth expound
To all the eager damsels 'round.
By all his words their wits are drowned,
'Till all they do is say "Confound!"

* * *

Frances was never much of a runner, but she was always a good walker.

* * *

Miss Sherman: "I have an announcement to make."

* * *

Where on this "terrestrial sphere" did you ever get such a laugh, Dorothy?

* * *

B Senior: "What is an isotherm?

Thoughtful pupil: "An isotherm shows how far the ice comes down from the North Pole."

* * *

In the Geography class: Not upturned faces at sea, but a "sea of upturned faces."

* * *

To the Juniors: "There's a gude time coming"—next year.

* * *

In a B Senior conference: Miss Lamson: "I always thought Katydids were birds!"

* * *

When those checks come in for substituting, Emma, remember your friends and don't speculate in stocks.

Miss Stanley's troches for colds: I find the medicine worse than the malady.

* * *

Special topics: There's nothing like being used to a thing—"'Tis nothing when you are used to it."

* * *

Miss Mary Moore explaining Rosetti's "Annunciation;" "You see the aureole around the Virgin's head, and over here is the dove. Do you see the dove, Miss Brown?" "Yes, but where's that other bird you spoke of—the oriole?"

* * *

Student teacher: "What is syntax?"

Pupil: "Syntax? Syntax! Tax on sin. Some people have syntax in their heads, some in their pockets."

* * *

A few of us have escorts coming back to school on Sunday evenings, but only one of us comes with an escort on Monday morning. Comprenez?

* * *

Susie: "A prodigy of learning."

* * *

The district school we cannot see, because—it is not yet in sight!

* * *

Dear little Juniors, don't you cry,
You'll be Seniors, by and by.

* * *

Seniors, in platform exercises:

"You'd scarce expect one of our age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if we chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view us with a critic's eye,
But pass our imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

* * *

Miss Travers:

"Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star."

Quotation from a dear, familiar figure: "You should supplement your lunch with something hot."

* * *

It is usually considered saucy to stick one's tongue out, but Glennah doesn't consider it so when reciting.

* * *

A Waban King:

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face."

* * *

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'I've flunked again.'"

* * *

High tide: 9 P. M. at Crocker Hall.
Low tide: 6.30 A. M. at Crocker Hall.

* * *

To the H. A. Middle Juniors:

We've wandered east, we've wandered west,
Through many a weary play;
But never, never can forget
Your baseball on Field Day.

* * *

A morning meditation: For my part, getting up seems not so easy by half as lying.

* * *

Wanted: Appropriations for a hymn book for Miss Tillson. See the point, Maud?

* * *

Our president:

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise."

* * *

Tessie: Laugh and be fat.

* * *

The shadows: Catherine and Christine.

* * *

Mr. Howe: What kind of materials dissolve?
Miss Morse: Soluble materials.

Clara: "Alas for those that never sing, but die with all their music in them!"

* * *

A noise was heard in the lower hall the other day; we wondered if one of the H. A. girls dropped a loaf of bread.

* * *

Too bad that red runs, Julie.

* * *

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," Miss Anna Moore.

* * *

Conundrum: What adverbs are most commonly used in chemistry? H. A. Student: How (e) and why.

* * *

Miss O'Malley: A bunch of goodness done up in a very small package.

* * *

How often do we hear Mary Fury say: "Cheer up! The worst is yet to come! Sewing tomorrow!"

* * *

Tired student's cry:

When, O when, shall my labors end,
Or when shall my troubles cease;
We have to grind from nine 'til two,
With but forty-five minutes release.

* * *

Polly, that squealing is entirely unnecessary.

* * *

It is reported in the select society of Crocker Hall, that Miss Josephine Fisher is making a collection of fraternity pins.

* * *

Grace Conway: The bell has rang, Miss Ireson.

* * *

We wonder if Edna gets any letters with movable postmarks this year!

* * *

We're sorry to learn that our scrapper in basketball is losing flesh.

We expect soon to have the pleasure of hearing an essay on "Friendship" by Miss Jennie Washburn.

* * *

Miss E. Smith may recite.
Chorus: Which one?

* * *

The Annual Story:

SUMMER:

They stood beneath the spreading tree,
And talked as lovers should;
And then to seal the compact, he
Cut "May" on the wood.

WINTER:

Now back to the town they both have strayed,
One day they chanced to meet,
And then and there the self-same maid
Cut "Jack" on the street.—(*Puck.*)

* * *

It is rumored that Miss Dermon is making rapid progress in sewing. We imagine that she is laying aside these articles for future use in "The Westland."

* * *

Sylvia believes in having two strings to her "beau."

* * *

"A joy forever!" For the Regulars to see the H. A.'s work occasionally.

* * *

Mabel filled up a big bag of vacancy in Cochituate about the year 1887. Just mention the 9th grade to her!

* * *

Marion K. last juggled the elusive tennis ball on Field Day.

* * *

A crowd of Juniors: "My! what is all that noise?"
One of the bright Juniors: "Why, the Seniors have just received their assignments for practice school."

* * *

Who was it that had reserve power but didn't know she had it until she gave that most delightful talk, "On Shipboard" in the 5th grade? Nita Davison.

* * *

The last of poor dog Tray. Hash at Crocker.

"They shout for joy, they seldom sing." Glee Club.

* * *

"Chollie, bah Jove." Catherine G.

* * *

"It has power to render us happy or unhappy." The Faculty.

* * *

Junior pudding—all of a tremble.

* * *

"Please go 'way and let me sleep." Poor Maud!

* * *

One of The Gold Dust Twins. Helen Cushman.

* * *

"All Gaul is divided into three parts." Morse, Noel, Moses.

* * *

"*Multum in parvo.*" Olive French.

* * *

The Lord helps those who help themselves. The pantry at Crocker, Sunday, P. M.

* * *

He who enters here leaves hope behind. Dr. Lambert's office.

* * *

Elsie Bixby: Was becalmed in Woodville, Mass., about the year 1888, and the wind hasn't risen yet.

* * *

We soon expect to see Martha moving toward Utah with her three wives and seventeen children.

* * *

Hamilton suddenly awoke one Easter Sunday. She has worn that wide awake expression ever since.

* * *

We are always sure of good cake when Elsie is in the kitchen.

* * *

Anna Reed says it takes from seven to eight Saturdays to find the right shade of green.

* * *

Jane: "Her sweet smile haunts us still."

NORMAL CLASS OF HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Class History

CLASS OF 1908.

ON September eleventh, 1906, we entered Framingham Normal School. We numbered one hundred and eight; our average age was eighteen years and eight months; we represented eight counties of Massachusetts, four other states, and another country.

As "only Juniors," we tried desperately to look and act as if we were used to the place, and to find our way through May and Wells Halls, upstairs and down, without having to ask a Senior for directions. 'Tis said that if one only thinks long enough that a thing is true, that thing will come to pass. Well, we just tried to think we knew all the mysteries of traveling from Dr. Lambert's laboratory to the gymnasium and other difficult journeys; and suddenly, we did know—we felt just as if we had always known those things.

The receptions helped us to get acquainted with the Faculty, the Seniors, and each other. On the afternoon of October twelfth, the Faculty gave a reception to the school. We spent a delightful afternoon, listening to the entertainment and making friends.

At half-past two, on November twenty-first, Mr. Whittemore called us together for our first class meeting. May Lamson was elected president and Olive Phillips was chosen secretary and treasurer. During our two years here, we have met many times; and our meetings have always been most pleasant.

The Senior Reception to the Juniors took place on Friday afternoon, November twenty-third. It was a most enjoyable dancing party, at which we came to know more of our schoolmates.

On the afternoon of February eighth, 1907, we were the hostesses at a dancing party, the Junior Reception to the Faculty and the Seniors. Each Junior invited a Senior, so that all took part in the grand march which followed the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Ordway, Miss Anna Moore, Miss Lamson, and Miss Phillips received.

It was our great pleasure to decorate the Assembly Hall and other parts of May Hall for the Senior party, April eighteenth. The work was done by a committee whose chairman was Miss Phillips.

As the middle of February approached, some of us began to shake in our shoes at the notion of getting reports. A very silly thing to do, but probably every Junior has that shaky feeling as the time for her first report draws near. However, reports came; and most of us survived. Those who received great blows concealed it well, and were able to be about, with smiling faces, the next day. One thing we learned as to the value of reports, —an idea new to many of us—was that they are, or should be, a great incentive to improvement next time. The June worry as to whether or not we were promoted was not half so serious as the February anxiety about "passing."

During the year, each division of the class had two weeks for visiting schools. The first weeks followed closely after the opening of the second half-year, the A division going the third week in February and the B's and C's the following weeks. The last of April, the A's went again, the B's and C's going the first weeks in May. During this time, each student visited the first eight grades. Reports of the visits were written for Mr. Whittemore.

During the winter of 1906-7, we had the pleasure of listening to many delightful and helpful lectures, given by men and women who are filling important places in the world. They came from different parts of our own country, and also from China, India, and other foreign lands.

We were pleasantly entertained during one afternoon by the Glee Club, assisted by the Myra Winslow Trio. Another day, we listened to a recital by Mr. Louis Eaton and Mrs. Jessie Downer Eaton. In the winter months, our general singing periods on Mondays were occupied by the study of the lives and works of several famous composers.

There were several interesting athletic events during the year. Field hockey was played in the fall, the A's winning from the B's and C's, and being defeated by the H. A.'s. The H. A. Juniors were in turn defeated by the regular Seniors.

In basket ball, the Juniors played by sections, and also against the girls of the Framingham High School. The final game was between the Hall Seniors and the Hall Juniors, resulting in defeat for the Juniors. At this game, appropriate songs were sung by each side.

On June 24th, graduation day for "our Seniors" brought an end to our Junior year. The graduating exercises were held in May Hall, the whole school taking part in the singing.

Then we separated for the summer, to return in September as Seniors. Our numbers were lessened by the departure of sev-

eral members of the class; so that in September we numbered about sixty Regular Seniors, and eight Seniors and thirty Middle Juniors of the Household Arts Department.

A very large Junior class filled most of the seats in the Assembly Hall, and nearly fifty of the Seniors were given seats at the back and sides of the room. New hymn books, toward the purchase of which the members of the school contributed in the spring, found their way into our desks and are in constant use.

The first social event of the year was the Faculty Reception, on Friday, October eleventh. Here, to the pleasing accompaniment of coffee and ice cream served by members of the Faculty, we learned to know better the names and faces of the new members of the school. Since the Hall was cleared, Mr. Whittemore gave in the evening a pianola party for the Hall girls. Many of the train girls also stayed to enjoy it.

On the afternoon of November eighth, we gave a reception and dance in honor of the Juniors. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Dr. and Mrs. Lambert, Miss Ordway, Miss French, Miss Lamson, and Miss Phillips, formed the receiving party.

Mr. Whittemore has given us several pianola parties this winter. We had a New Year's party the third of January, at which tea was served in Room 15 and in the teachers' room. On February seventh, we had a peanut pianola party, given as a sort of farewell to the Juniors, who began visiting schools the following week. Salted peanuts were placed in convenient spots; and at intermission everyone was given a bag of peanut candy.

The Junior reception to the Seniors, in the form of a Japanese tea, took place late in January. The hall was decorated with Japanese lanterns and parasols, and cherry blossoms. During intermission, a representation of a Japanese wedding was given. Tea and rice wafers were served, the waitresses being in Japanese costume. The novel features of the party were received with great delight.

The most important social event of the year is the Senior party, popularly known as the "Man Dance," to which each Senior may invite a friend. This year the date set for the dance was February 21st. A dance order of twelve numbers was enjoyed. Game rooms were provided for those who did not care to dance. The receiving party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Ireson, Miss Lamson and Miss Phillips.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier coming on December 17, 1907, the C division of the class, at the suggestion and with the help of Miss Mary Moore, prepared a celebration of the event. The affair was in charge

of a committee headed by Miss Christine Moses. The exercises were held in the Hall, the upper grades of the Practice School being invited. The program consisted of papers on Whittier and the region where he lived, tableaux representing some of his poems, readings from his works, stereopticon views of Whittier-land, and the singing of his Centennial Hymn.

As Seniors, we had the pleasure of conducting hymns from the platform, during general singing on Mondays. Terrible as this appeared, we all managed to live through it. Our general singing periods during the winter were occupied with the study of the works of several composers.

During the spring of our Junior year, Miss Anna Moore suggested to us the plan she has put into practice—platform exercises. Soon after school began, dates were assigned to the Seniors, and the platform exercises began to be given during the general exercise period on Fridays. We did our duty bravely, I am sure. With cheerful faces hiding our fear and trembling, we stepped to the desk and addressed the school upon a variety of subjects. Somehow, points of interest, especially of historic interest, were preëminent topics. One Friday, all the speakers told something about our own school. This was especially interesting, both because it made us better acquainted with our history; and because it suggested the thought that on special occasions, all the exercises should center round a special point. The exercises on February 21st were devoted to the consideration of the life of George Washington.

After Christmas, the exercises were given by the Juniors. Let them and their successors have the credit for carrying on the work; to us, and to us only, belongs the honor of being the pioneers in the work of platform exercises at the Framingham Normal School.

Another experiment of which we, the class of 1908, are the first subjects, is sewing for the Senior regulars. 'Twas reported, Junior Year, that we were to have sewing; but it was not until fall that we really knew it was true. When we did know, some of us were the victims of various emotions. As we progressed, and especially when we reached the point where we worked red buttonholes in white cloth, many and loud were the wails of protest. The general sentiment, however, seems to be that, on the whole, we are not likely to be seriously handicapped by our lessons in the art of sewing.

Athletics were a prominent feature of the Senior year, baseball being added to the sports usually indulged in.

A trial change was made in our vacations. We had the

Monday after Thanksgiving, in addition to the usual days. Then we had a ten-days' vacation at Christmas, which indicates a longer Easter recess.

Since we returned after Christmas before most of the public schools were reopened, many of our graduates, especially of the class of 1907, took the opportunity of visiting the schools, during the first week in January.

When the last of June brings our graduation day, there will be about sixty of us to join the ranks of the teaching profession, after our preparation during two happy years of good work and good play.

If there be any that are inclined to scoff at our simple history, let that one rather rejoice in our joy; remembering that "Happy are the people whose annals are uninteresting."

R. R. S.

State Normal School, Framingham

THE FACULTY.

Mr. Henry Whittemore.....Framingham
Mr. Frederick W. Archibald.....Greenwood Ave., Waltham
Miss Mary Bennett.....Framingham or Westport, Conn. (summer address.)
Miss Amelia Davis.....25 River St., West Newton
Miss Lucile French.....43 Electric Ave., West Somerville
Mr. Frederic W. Howe.....Elm St., Framingham
Miss Jane E. Ireson.....185 West Canton St., Boston
Mr. Edmund Ketchum.....100 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Roxbury
Dr. Avery E. Lambert.....5 Melrose St., South Framingham
Miss Louisa A. Nicholass.....Framingham
Miss Lillian A. Ordway.....Linden St., South Framingham
Miss Annie B. Penniman.....488 Broadway, Lawrence
Miss Anna L. Moore.....Framingham
Miss Mary C. Moore.....Framingham
Miss Mary H. Stevens.....109 Union Ave., South Framingham

THE CLASS.

(Note:—This includes all who have been enrolled in the class of 1908 and have not been enrolled in any other class.)

Allen, Emma Clara.....Walpole
Arantzen, Laura Virginia.....121 West St., Hyde Park
Baker, Leah Sayles—Mrs. William P. Bearce.....Foxborough
Bemis, Fanny.....Northborough
Bixby, Elsie Velma.....Woodville
Blake, Elsie Hallas.....83 Thompson St., Springfield
Blodgett, Ethel Spooner.....360 Austin St., West Newton
Blood, Grace P.....Pleasant St., Medfield
Bodwell, Alice Pauline M.....221 West River St., Hyde Park
Brown, Gertrude Gale.....Wiley's Corner, St. George, Me.
Bulger, Mary Josephine.....Concord
Burke, Mary Elizabeth.....22 East Pond St., Cochituate
Callahan, Mary Elizabeth.....109 River St., Waltham
Casey, Pauline Veronica.....11 A Byard St., Allston
Claflin, Sylvia Martha.....Hopkinton
Clarke, Dorothy Prentiss.....8 Newcomb St., Haverhill
Conway, Grace Eugenia.....9 Summit St., Hopkinton

Coolidge, Elizabeth Dowse.....Sherborn
Corning, Claire Alva.....22 Maple St., Marlborough
Costello, Teresa Morna.....336 King St., Northampton
Curran, Evelyn Christine.....59 High St., Milford
Cushman, Helen .....20 Newton St., Waltham
Davison, Nita Seville.....Hansport, Nova Scotia
Dermon, Laura May.....39 Riverside St., Watertown
Drawbridge, Amy Ainslee.....6 Park St., Hopkinton
Dunakin, Beatrice Elzetta—Mrs. Winifred LeRoy Larry
124 Huntington Ave., Boston
Emerson, Clara.....Lexington St., R. F. D., Waltham
Fisher, Josephine.....Hyde Park
Fleming, Julia Eleanor.....25 Barclay St., Worcester
Foss, Ethel Louise.....Water St., Saxonville
French, Olive Lucy.....South Sudbury
Fury, Mary Sophia.....93 Summer St., Clinton
Gould, Catherine Elizabeth.....East Walpole
Hamilton, Easter Irving.....274 Tremont St., Newton
Hanson, Abbie Bothilda.....Boston Rd., R. F. D., Marlborough
Hastings, Delia Cecilia.....79 Beacon St., Clinton
Kendrick, Edith Congdon.....468 No. Main St., Fairhaven
King, Julia Elizabeth.....1317 Beacon St., Waban
King, Rose Etta.....15 Sawin St., Natick
Kingsbury, Alice Marian.....Greenville, N. H.
Kingsley, Lotta Catherine.....Waltham
Lamont, Edith Austin.....39 Staniford St., Auburndale
Lamson, Elsie May.....111 Temple St., West Newton
Leonard, Florence Louise.....Warren
Lewis, Julia Sarah.....173 California St., Newton
Mainini, Claire Evelyn.....Braggville
McLean, Elizabeth Burnett.....Hastings St., Wellesley
Morse, Cora Estelle.....18 South Central Ave., Wollaston
Morton, Mabel Margaret.....44 West Plain St., Cochituate
Moses, Christine Leland.....14 Prospect St., Westborough
Moynihan, Helen Frances.....Elm St., Holliston
Niven, Effie Gladys.....419 Main St., Concord Junction
Noel, Mary Celeste.....30 German Hill St., Cochituate
O'Malley, Mary Agnes.....16 Waverley Ct., South Framingham
Parker, Edna Frances.....55 Robins St., Waltham
Phillips, Annie Viola.....South Milford
Phillips, Alice Olive.....27 Court St., Dedham
Reed, Anna Frances.....Trapelo Rd., Waltham
Richardson, Ruth Augusta.....10 Raymond St., South Framingham
Saunders, Effie Chandler.....Somerset
Sennott, Florentia Harding.....Jefferson St., Milford
Shannon, Agnes.....6 Sherman St., Natick
Shaw, Lillian Harlow.....338 Pine St., Fall River
Shepard, Glennah Margaret.....South Lincoln

Sherman, Ruth Russell.....28 Borden St., New Bedford
Smith, Edith Florence.....South Fairlee, Vt.
Smith, Eva Marion.....141 Elm St., Marlborough
Sommerman, Susan Louise.....Southville
Steele, Mrs. Eva Pratt.....5 Alexander St., South Framingham
Tillson, Maud Rose.....354 Linden St., Fall River
Tower, Martha.....69 Houghton St., Hudson
Travers, Grace Esther.....Ashland
Tuthill, Dorothy Carolyn.....163 Brown St., Waltham
Walker, Hazel.....437 North Main Street, Natick
Wall, Mary Bernedetta.....Millbury
Warner, Lelia Esther—Mrs. W. S. Rodiman...18 Hubbard Ave., Northampton
Way, Frances Damon.....16 Hilton St., Hyde Park
Washburn, Jennie Allen.....382 Grove St., Fall River
Wheeler, Jennie Alberta.....Stow

Advertising Section

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The Committee on Advertisements wish to express their thanks to Mr. Travis and Mr. Cunningham of South Framingham, who so kindly assisted them in obtaining their ads.

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